



00043549

**THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.**

F1

THE

ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

43549

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

VOL. II.



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY ALBEMARLE-STREET

MDCCCXXIV



00043549

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.



CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

*Rogero, as directed by the pair,
The giantess Eriphila o'erthrones.
That done, he to Alcina's labyrinth, where
More than one knight is tied and prisoned, goes.
To him Melissa sage the secret shews,
And remedy for that grave coil shows.
Whence he, by her advised, with downcast eye,
And full of shame, forthwith resolves to fly.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO VII.

I.

THE traveller, he, whom sea or mountain sunder:
 From his own country, sees things strange and new;
 That the misjudging vulgar, which lies under
 The mist of ignorance, esteems untrue:
 Rejecting whatsoever is a wonder,
 Unless 'tis palpable and plain to view:
 Hence inexperience, as I know full well,
 Will yield small credence to the tale I tell.

II.

BUT be this great or small, I know not why
 The rabble's silly judgment I should fear,
 Convinced *you* will not think the tale a lie,
 In whom the light of reason shines so clear.
 And hence to you it is I only try
 The fruit of my fatigues to render dear.
 I ended where Eriphila in guard
 Of bridge and stream was seen, the passage barred.

III.

Of finest metal was her armour bright,
With gems of many colours overspread,
The tawny jacinth², yellow chrysolite,
The emerald green of hue, and ruby red.
Mounted, but not on palfrey, for the fight:
In place of that, she on a wolf had sped,
Sped on a wolf towards the pass; and rode
On sell, that rich beyond all custom showed.

IV.

No larger wolf, I ween, Apulia roams³;
More huge than bull; unguided by her hand:
Although upon no bit the monster foams,
Docile, I know not why, to her command.
The accursed Plague, arrayed in surcoat, comes
Above her arms, in colour like the sand;
That, saving in its dye, was of the sort
Which bishops and which prelates wear at court⁴.

V.

The giantess's crest and shield appear,
For ensign, decked with swoln and poisonous toad.
Her the two damsels to the cavalier
Before the bridge, prepared for battle, showed,
Threatening, as went to some, with levelled spear,
To do the warrior scorn and bar the road.
Bidding him turn, she to Rogero cries;
A lance he takes, and threats her and defies⁵.

VI.

As quick and daring, the gigantic Pest
Spurred her wolf, seated well for that dread game :
In mid career she laid her lance in rest,
And made earth quake beneath her as she came ;
Yet at the encounter fierce the champaign pressed ;
For underneath^s the casque, with stedfast aim,
So hard Rogero smote her, that he bore
The beldam backward six good yards and more :

VII.

And came already with his lifted blade,
Drawn for that end, to take her haughty head ;
To him an easy task ; for she was laid
Among the grass and flowers, like one that's dead.
But, " 'Tis enough that she is vanquished," said
The pair : " no further press thy vengeance dread.
" Sheathe, courteous cavalier, thy sword anew⁶ :
" Pass we the river, and our way pursue."

VIII.

Along the path, which through a forest lay,
Roughish and someddeal ill to beat, they went.
Besides that strait and stony was the way,
This, nigh directly, scaled a hill's ascent.
But, when arrived upon the summit, they
Issued upon a mead of vast extent ;
And a more pleasant palace on that green
Beheld, and brighter than was ever seen.

IX.

To meet the child, Alcina, fair of hue⁷,
Advanced some way beyond the outer gate;
And, girded by a gay and courtly crew,
Roger there received in lordly state:
While all the rest to him such honour do,
And on the knight with such deep reverence wait,
They could not have displayed more zeal and love,
Had Jove descended from the choirs above.

X.

Not so much does the palace, fair to see,
In riches other princely domes excel,
As that the gentlest, fairest, company
Which the whole world contains, within it dwell.
Of either sex, with small variety
Between, in youth and beauty matched as well:
The fay alone exceeds the rest as far
As the bright sun outshines each lesser star.

XI.

Her shape is of such perfect symmetry⁸,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye⁹
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

XII.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.
Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend¹⁰.

XIII.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth¹¹.

XIV.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed¹²
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

XV.

To all her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and someddeal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky¹³,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

XVI.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way¹⁴,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
Of which the offended myrtle told above.
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
Can be united with so sweet a smile.

XVII.

No! he could now believe, by magic art,
Astolpho well transformed upon the plain,
For punishment of foul ungrateful heart,
And haply meriting severer pain.
And, as for all he heard him late impart,
'Twas prompted by revenge, 'twas false and vain.
By hate and malice was the sufferer stung,
To blame and wound the fay with slanderous tongue.

XVIII.

The beauteous lady whom he loved so well
Is newly banished from his altered breast;
For (such the magic of Alcina's spell)
She every ancient passion dispossessed;
And in his bosom, there alone to dwell,
The image of her love and self impressed.
So witchèd, Rogero sure some grace deserves,
If from his faith his frail affection swerves.

XIX.

At board lyre, lute and harp of tuneful string,
And other sounds, in mixed diversity,
Made, round about, the joyous palace ring,
With glorious concert and sweet harmony.
Nor lacked there well-accorded voice to sing
Of love, its passion and its ecstasy;
Nor who, with rare inventions, choicely versed,
Delightful fiction to the guests rehearsed.

XX.

What table, spread by whatsoever heir
Of Ninus, though triumphant were the board,
Or what more famous and more costly, where¹⁵
Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord,
Could with this banquet's matchless joys compare,
By the fond fairy for Rogero stored?
I think not such a feast is spread above,
Where Ganymede presents the cup to Jove.

XXI.

They form a ring, the board and festive cheer¹⁶
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game :
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbour's ear,
What secret pleases best ; to knight and dame
A fair occasion, without let or fear,
Their love, unheard of any, to proclaim.
And in conclusion the two lovers plight
Their word, to meet together on that night.

XXII.

Soon, and much sooner than their wont, was ended
The game at which the palace inmates play :
When pages on the troop with torches tended,
And with their radiance chased the night away.
To seek his bed the paladin ascended,
Girt with that goodly squadron, in a gay
And airy bower, appointed for his rest,
Mid all the others chosen as the best.

XXIII.

And when of comfits and of cordial wine¹⁷
A fitting proffer has been made anew,
The guests their bodies reverently incline,
And to their bowers depart the courtly crew.
He upon perfumed sheets, whose texture fine
Seemed of Arachne's loom, his body threw :¹⁸
Hearkening this while with still attentive ears,
If he the coming of the lady hears.

XXIV.

At every movement heard on distant floor,¹⁹
Hoping 'twas her, Rogero raised his head :
He thinks he hears ; but it is heard no more,
Then sighs at his mistake : oft-times from bed
He issued, and undid his chamber door,
And peeped abroad, but still no better sped ;
And cursed a thousand times the hour that she
So long retarded his felicity:

XXV.

“ Yes, now she comes,” the stripling often said,
And reckoned up the paces, as he lay,
Which from her bower were haply to be made
To that where he was waiting for the fay.
These thoughts, and other thoughts as vain, he weighed
Before she came, and, restless at her stay,
Often believed some hinderance, yet unscanned,
Might interpose between the fruit and hand.²⁰

XXVI.

At length, when dropping sweets the costly fay
Had put some end to her perfumery,
The time now come she need no more delay,
Since all was hushed within the palace, she
Stole from her bower alone, through secret way,
And passed towards the chamber silently,
Where on his couch the youthful cavalier
Lay, with a heart long torn by Hope and Fear.

XXVII.

When the successor of Astolpho spies

Those smiling stars above him, at the sight
A flame, like that of kindled sulphur, flies
Through his full veins, as ravished by delight
Out of himself; and now up to the eyes
Plunged in a sea of bliss, he swims outright.
He leaps from bed and folds her to his breast,
Nor waits until the lady be undressed;

XXVIII.

Though but in a light sendal clad²¹, that she
Wore in the place of farthingale or gown;
Which o'er a shift of finest quality,
And white, about her limbs the fay had thrown:
The mantle yielded at his touch, as he
Embraced her, and that veil remained alone,
Which upon every side the damsel²² shows,
More than clear glass the lily or the rose²³.

XXIX.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip²⁴,
With whose green boughs its stem is interlaced,
Than those fond lovers, each from either's lip
The balmy breath collecting, lie embraced:
Rich perfume this, whose like no seed or slip
Bears in sweet Indian or Sabæan waste;
While so to speak their joys is either fixed,
That oftentimes those meeting lips are mixed.

XXX.

These things were carried closely by the dame
And youth, or if surmised, were never bruited ;
For silence seldom was a cause for blame,
But oftener as a virtue well reputed ^{as}.
By those shrewd courtiers, conscious of his claim,
Rogero is with proffers fair saluted :
Worshipped of all those inmates, who fulfil
In this the enamoured fay, Alcina's, will.

XXXI.

No pleasure is omitted there ; since they
Alike are prisoners in Love's magic hall. ,
They change their raiment twice or thrice a day,
Now for this use, and now at other call.
'Tis often feast, and always holiday ;
'Tis wrestling, tourney, pageant, bath, and ball.
Now underneath a hill by fountain cast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past :

XXXII.

Now by glad hill, or through the shady dale,
They hunt the fearful hare, and now they flush
With busy dog, sagacious of the trail,
Wild pheasant from the stubble-field or bush.
Now where green junipers perfume the gale,
Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush ^{as} :
And casting now for fish, with net or hook,
Disturb their secret haunts in pleasant brook.

XXXIII.

Rogero revels there, in like delight,
While Charles and Agramant are troubled sore.
But not for him their story will I slight,
Nor Bradamant forget ; who evermore,
Mid toilsome pain and care, her cherished knight,
Ravished from her, did many a day deplore ;
Whom by unwonted ways, transported through
Mid air, the damsel saw, nor whither knew.

XXXIV.

Of her I speak before the royal pair,
Who many days pursued her search in vain ;
By shadowy wood, or over champaign bare,
By farm and city, and by hill and plain ;
But seeks her cherished friend with fruitless care,
Divided by such space of land and main :
Often she goes among the Paynim spears,
Yet never aught of her Rogero hears. •

XXXV.

Of hundreds questioned, upon every side,
Each day, no answer ever gives content.
She roams from post to post, and far and wide
Searches pavilion, lodging, booth, or tent,
And this, mid foot or horsemen, unespied,
May safely do, without impediment,
Thanks to the ring, whose more than mortal aid,
When in her mouth, conceals the vanished maid.

XXXVI.

She cannot, will not, think that he is dead ;
Because the wreck of such a noble knight
Would, from Hydaspes' distant waves have spread,
To where the sun descends with westering light.
She knows not what to think, nor whither sped,
He roams in earth or air ; yet, hapless wight,
Him ever seek, and for attendant train
Has sobs and sighs, and every bitter pain.

XXXVII.

At length to find the wondrous cave she thought,
Where the prophetic bones of Merlin lie,
And there lament herself until she wrought
Upon the pitying marble to reply ;
For thence, if yet he lived would she be taught,
Or this glad life to hard necessity
Had yielded up ; and, when she was possessed
Of the seer's councils, would pursue the best.

XXXVIII.

With this intention, Bradamant her way
Directed thither, where in Poictier's wood
The vocal tomb, containing Merlin's clay,
Concealed in Alpine place and savage, stood.
But that enchantress sage, who night and day
Thought of the damsel, watchful for her good,
She, I repeat, who taught her what should be
In that fair grotto her posterity ;

XXXIX.

She who preserved her with protecting care,
That same enchantress, still benign and wise,
Who, knowing she a matchless race should bear
Of men, or rather semi-deities,
Spies daily what her thoughts and actions are,
And lots for her each day, divining, tries²⁶ ;—
She all Rogero's fortune knew, how freed ;
Then borne to India by the griffin-steed :

XL.

Him on that courser plainly she had eyed,
Who would not the controlling rein obey ;
When, severed by such interval, he lied,
Borne through the perilous, unwonted way :
And knew that he sport, dance, and banquet plied,
And lapt in idleness and pleasure lay ;
Nor memory of his lord nor of the glame,
Once loved so well, preserved, nor of his fame.

XLI.

And thus such gentle knight ingloriously
Would have consumed his fairest years and best,
In long inaction, afterwards to be,
Body and soul, destroyed ; and *that*, possessed
Alone by us in perpetuity,
That flower, whose sweets outlive the fragile rest
Which quickens man when he in earth is laid,
Would have been plucked or severed in the blade

XLII.

But that enchantress kind, who with more care
Than for himself he watched, still kept the knight,
Designed to drag him, by rough road and bare,
Towards true virtue, in his own despite ;
As often cunning leech will burn and pare
The flesh, and poisonous drug employ aright :
Who, though at first his cruel art offend,
Is thanked, since he preserves us in the end

XLIII.

She, not like old Atlantes, rendered blind
By the great love she to the stripling bore,
Set not on gifting him with life her mind,
As was the scope of that enchanter hoar ;
Who, reckless all of fame and praise declined,
Wished length of days to his Rogero more
Than that, to win a world's applause, the peer
Should of his joyous life forego one year.

XLIV.

By him he to Alcina's isle had been
Dispatched, that in her palace he might dwell,
Forgetting arms ; and, as enchanter seen
In magic and the use of every spell,
The heart had fastened of that fairy-queen,
Enamoured of the gentle youth, so well,
That she the knot would never disengage,
Though he should live to more than Nestor's age.

XLV.

Returning now to her that well foreknew
Whatever was to come to pass, I say
She thither did her journey straight pursue,
Where she met Aymon's daughter by the way,
Forlorn and wandering: Bradamant at view
Of her enchantress, erst to grief a prey,
Changes it all to hope: the other tells
That with Alcina her Rogero dwells.

XLVI.

Nigh dead the maid remains, in piteous guise,
Hearing of him so far removed, and more
Grieves that she danger to her love descries,
Save this some strong and speedy cure restore.
But her the enchantress comforts, and applies
A salve where it was needed most, and swore
That few short days should pass before anew
Rogero should return to glad her view.

XLVII.

" Since thou, an antidote to sorcery,
" Lady (she said), the virtuous ring dost wear,
" I have no doubt if to yon island I
" This, where thine every good is hidden, bear,
" To foil Alcina's wiles and witchery,
" And thence to bring thee back thy cherished care.
" This evening, early, will I hence away,
" And be in India by the break of day."

XLVIII.

And told to her, the tale continuing,
The mode which she was purposed to employ,
From that effeminate, soft realm to bring
Back into warlike France the cherished boy.
Bradamant from her finger slipt the ring
Nor this alone would have bestowed with joy ;
But heart and life would at her feet have laid,
If she had deemed they could Rogero aid.

XLIX.

Giving the ring, her cause she recommends
To her, and recommends Rogero more.
Countless salutes by her the damsel sends,
Then of Provence, departing, seeks the shore.
The enchantress to another quarter wends ;
And, for the execution of her lore,
Conjures, that eve, a palfrey, by her art,
With one foot red, black every other part.

L.

Some Farfarello, or Alchino he ²⁷,
I think, whom in that form she raised from hell ;
And with loose hair, dishevelled horribly,
Ungirt and barefoot, mounted in the sell.
But, with wise caution, from her finger she
Withdrew the ring, lest it should mar the spell :
And then by him was with such swiftness born,
She in Alcina's isle arrived at morn.

LI.

Herself she changed with wonderful disguise,
Adding a palm of stature to her height;
And made her limbs of a proportioned size;
And of the very measure seemed to sight,
As was, she deemed, the necromancer wise,
Who with such care had reared the youthful knight.
With long-descending beard she clothed her chin,
And wrinkled o'er her front and other skin.

LII.

To imitate his speech, and face, and cheer,
She knew so well, that, by the youth descried,
She might the sage Atlantes' self appear;
Next hid, and watched so long, that she espied
Upon a day (rare chance) the cavalier
At length detached from his Alcina's side:
For still, in motion or at rest, the day
Ill bore the youth should be an hour away.

LIII.

Alone she finds him, fitting well her will,
As he enjoys the pure and morning air
Beside a brook, which trickled from a hill,
Streaming towards a limpid lake and fair.
His fine, soft garments, wove with cunning skill,
All over, ease and wantonness declare;
These with her hand, such subtle toil well taught,
For him in silk and gold Alcina wrought.

LIV.

About the stripling's neck, a splendid string
Of gems, descending to mid-breast, is wound;
On each once manly arm, now glittering
With the bright hoop, a bracelet fair is bound²⁸.
Pierced with a golden wire, in form of ring,
Is either ear; and from the yellow round
Depend two precious pearls; not such the coast
Of Araby or sumptuous India boast.

LV.

Crisped into comely ringlets was his hair,
Wet with the costliest odours and the best;
And soft and amorous all his gestures were,
Like one who does Valentian lady's best²⁹.
In him, beside his name, was nothing fair,
And more than half corrupted all the rest.
So was Rogero found, within that dell,
Changed from his former self by potent spell.

LVI.

Him in the figure of Atlantes sage
She fronts, who bore the enchanter's borrowed cheer;
With that grave face, and reverend with age,
Which he was always wonted to revere;
And with that eye, which in his pupillage,
Beaming with wrath, he whilom so did fear.
And sternly cries, "Is this the fruit at last
" Which pays my tedious pain and labour past?

LVII.

- “ The marrow of the lion and the bear
“ Didst thou for this thine early banquet make,
“ And, trained by me, by cliff or cavern-lair,
“ Strangle with infant hands the crested snake;
“ Their caws from tiger and from panther tear,
“ And tusks from living boar in tangled brake³⁰,
“ That, bred in such a school, in thee should I
“ Alcina’s Atys or Adonis spy?

LVIII.

- “ Is this the hope that stars, observed by me,
“ Signs in conjunction, sacred fibres, bred;
“ With what beside of dream or augury,
“ And all those lots I but too deeply read,
“ Which, while yet hanging at the breast, of thee,
“ When these thy years should be accomplished, said,
“ Thy feats should so be bruited far and near,
“ Thou justly should be deemed without a peer?

LIX.

- “ This does, in truth, a fair beginning show;
“ A seed which, we may hope, will soon conceive
“ A Julius, Alexander, Scipio.
“ Who thee Alcina’s bondsman could believe;
“ And (for the world the shameful fact might know)
“ That all should, manifest to sight, perceive
“ Upon thy neck and arms the servile chains,
“ Wherewith she at her will her captive trains?

LX.

- “ If thine own single honour move not thee,
“ And the high deeds which thou art called to do,
“ Wherefore defraud thy fair posterity ?
“ Of what, was oft predicted, should ensue ?
“ Alas ! why seal the womb God willed should be
“ Pregnant by thee with an illustrious crew,
“ That far-renowned, and more than human line,
“ Destined the sun in glory to outshine ?

LXI.

- “ Forbid not of the noblest souls the birth,
“ Formed in the ideas of the ETERNAL MIND,
“ Destined, from age to age, to visit earth,
“ Sprung from thy stock, and clothed in corporal rind;
“ The spring of thousand palms and festal mirth,
“ Through which, to Italy with losses pined
“ And wounds, thy good descendants shall restore
“ The fame and honours she enjoyed of yore.

LXII.

- “ Not only should these many souls have weight
“ To bend thy purpose, holy souls, and bright,
“ Which from thy fruitful tree shall vegetate ;
“ But, though alone, a single couple might
“ Suffice a nobler feeling to create,
“ Alphonso and his brother Hyppolite :
“ Whose like was seldom witnessed to this time,
“ Through all the paths whence men to virtue climb.

LXIII.

- “ I was more wont to dwell upon this pair
“ Than all the rest, of whom I prophesied ;
“ As well that these a greater part should bear
“ In lofty virtues, as that I descried
“ Thee, listening to my lore with closer care,
“ Than to the tale of all thy seed beside.
“ I saw thee joy that such a pair would shine
“ Amid the heroes of thy noble line.

LXIV.

- “ Say, what has she, thou makest thy fancy's queen,
“ More than what other courtezans possess ?
“ Who of so many concubine has been ;
“ How used her lovers in the end to bless,
“ Thou truly know'st: but that she may be seen
“ Without disguise, and in her real dress,
“ This ring, returning, on thy finger wear,
“ And thou shalt see the dame, and mark how fair.”

LXV.

Abashed and mute, Rogero, listening,
In vain to her reproof an answer sought :
Who on his little finger put the ring,
Whose virtue to himself the warrior brought.
And such remorse and shame within him spring,
When on his altered sense the change is wrought,
A thousand fathoms deep he fain would lie
Buried in earth, unseen of any eye.

LXVI.

So speaking, to the natural shape she wore
Before his eyes returned the magic dame ;
Nor old Atlantes' form was needed more,
The good effect obtained for which she came.
To tell you that which was not told before,
Melissa was the sage enchantress' name :
Who to Rogero now her purpose said,
And told with what design she thither sped :

LXVII.

Dispatched by her, who him in anxious pain
Desires, nor longer can without him be,
With the intent to loose him from the chain
Wherewith he was begirt by sorcery ;
And had put on, more credence to obtain,
Atlantes de Carena's form ; but she,
Seeing his health restored, now willed the youth,
Through her should hear and see the very truth.

LXVIII.

“ That gentle lady who so loves thee, who
“ Were well deserving love upon thy part ;
“ To whom (unless forgot, thou know'st how true
“ The tale) thou debtor for thy freedom art,
“ This ring, which can each magic spell undo,
“ Sends for thy succour, and would send her heart,
“ If with such virtue fraught, her heart could bring
“ Thee safety in thy perils, like the ring.

LXIX.

How Bradamant had loved, and loves, she says,
Continuing to Rogero her relation ;
To this, her worth commends with fitting praise,
Tempering in truth and fondness her narration ;
And still employs the choicest mode and phrase,
Which fits one skilful in negociaſion,
And on the false Alcina brings such hate,
As on things horrible is wont to wait ;

LXX.

Brings hate on that which he so loved before ;
Nor let the tale astonish which you hear,
For since his love was forced by magic lore,
The ring the false enchantment served to clear.
This too unmasked the charms Alcina wore,
And made all false, from head to foot, appear.
None of her own, but borrowed, all he sees,
And the once sparkling cup now drugged with lees.

LXXI.

Like boy who somewhere his ripe fruit bestows,
And next forgets the place where it is laid,
Then, after many days, conducted goes
By chance, where he the rich deposit made,
And wonders that the hidden treasure shows,
Not what it was, but rotten and decayed ;
And hates, and scorns, and loathes, with altered eyes,
And throws away what he was used to prize.

LXXII.

Rogero thus, when by Melissa's lore
Advised, he to behold the fay returned,
And that good ring of sovereign virtue wore,
Which, on the finger placed, all spells o'erturned;
For that fair damsel he had left before,
To his surprise, so foul a dame discerned,
That in this ample world, examined round,
A hag so old and hideous is not found.

LXXIII.

Pale, lean, and wrinkled was the face, and white,
And thinly clothed with hair Alcina's head;
Her stature reached not to six palms in height,
And every tooth was gone; for she had led
A longer life than ever mortal wight,
Than Hecuba or she in Cuma bred³²;
But thus by practice, to our age unknown,
Appeared with youth and beauty not her own.

LXXIV.

By art she gave herself the lovely look,
Which had on many like Rogero wrought;
But now the ring interpreted the book,
Which secrets, hid for many ages, taught³³.
No wonder then that he the dame forsook,
And banished from his mind all further thought
Of love for false Alcina, found in guise
Which no new means of slippery fraud supplies.

LXXV.

But, as Melissa counselled him, he wore
His wonted semblance for a time, till he
Was with his armour, many days before
Laid by, again accoutred cap-a-pee.
And, lest Alcina should his end explore,
Feigned to make proof of his agility;
Feigned to make proof if for his arms he were
Too gross, long time unwont the mail to bear.

LXXVI.

Next Balisarda to his flank he tied
(For so Rogero's trenchant sword was hight),
And took the wondrous buckler, which, espied,
Not only dazzled the beholder's sight,
But seemed, when its silk veil was drawn aside,
As from the body it exhaled the sprite:
In its close cover of red sendal hugg,
This at his neck the youthful warrior slung.

LXXVII.

Provided thus, he to the stables came,
And bade with bridle and with saddle dight
A horse more black than pitch; for so the dame
Counselled, well-taught how swift the steed and light.
Him Rabicano those who know him name,
And he the courser was, that with the knight,
Who stands beside the sea, the breeze's sport,
The whale of yore conducted to that port.

LXXVIII.

The hippogryph he might have had at need,
Who next below good Rabican was tied,
But that the dame had cried to him, "Take heed,
"Thou know'st how ill that courser is to ride;"
And said the following day the winged steed
'Twas her intention from that realm to guide,
Where he should be instructed at his leisure,
To rein and run him every where at pleasure:

LXXIX.

Nor, if he took him not, would he suggest
Suspicion of the intended flight: The peer
This while performed Melissa's every best,
Who, still invisible, was at his ear.
So feigning, from the wanton dome possessed
By that old strumpet, rode the cavalier;
And pricking forth drew near unto a gate,
Whence the road led to Logistilla's state.

LXXX.

Assaulting suddenly the guardian crew,
He, sword in hand, the squadron set upon;
This one he wounded, and that other slew,
And, point by point made good, the drawbridge won:
And ere of his escape Alcina knew,
The gentle youth was far away and gone.
My next shall tell his route, and how he gained
At last the realm where Logistilla reigned.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

1.

*The traveller, he, whom sea and mountain sunder
From his own country, sees things strange and new;
That the misjudging vulgar, which lies under
The mist of ignorance, esteems untrue.*

Stanza i. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.

OVID.

A yet more marked resemblance to this obvious remark is to be found in the first book of the Golden Ass of Apuleius. 'Nam et mihi et tibi et cunctis luminibus multa usu evenere vera, quæ tamen ignaro relata, fidem perdunt.'

2.

The tawny jacinth.

Stanza iii. line 3.

In the original *flavo* (giacinto) which is always interpreted by dictionaries to mean light yellow; but such is not the tint of the jacinth, which may perhaps be considered as tawny.

3.

No larger wolf, I ween, Apulia roams.

Stanza iv. line 1.

Probably suggested by Horace's

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculentis, &c.*

4.

*The accursed Plague, arrayed in surcoat, comes
Above her arms, in colour like the sand;
That, saving in its dye, was of the sort
Which bishops and which prelates wear at court.*

Stanza iv. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

We have here one of those half sneers in which Ariosto occasionally indulges. Was it justifiable? I have never heard the Italian prelacy accused of avarice, nor does it seem a vice very likely at any time to have been inherent in such a body. As men well-born, and usually educated in gentlemanlike habits, they are at least now what such circumstances would seem to have at all times promised. But Ariosto was perhaps out of humour with his patron.

5.

A lance he takes, and threatens her and defies.

Stanza v. line 8.

Some of the commentators are indignant at a supposed oversight in this place. They observe that Rogero came away upon the hippogryph apparently without a lance. Where then did he find the one which he takes? The cavil seems to me somewhat hypercritical, though it might have been better if Ariosto had been a little more explicit. A knight full armed was usually attended by a squire or valet bearing his lance. Now we know that a valet followed Rogero, charged with the hippogryph, and it is not to be supposed that the two damsels, who had furnished him with a courser, should have neglected to provide him with what was yet more necessary in the duel for which they had engaged him. We may therefore, with the critic's leave, suppose that he snatches the lance from an attendant.

6.

*"Sheathe, courteous cavalier, thy sword anew:
"Pass we the river, and our way pursue."*

Stanza vii. lines 7 and 8.

Harrington, translating from the Italian commentators, tells

us, that "in Eriphila, overthrown by Rogero and not killed, we may observe that the liberality that men make great show of in their youthful pleasures and entertainments, is not the true virtue that doth quite extinguish and kill that monster of covetousness."

As the whole of this canto, at least, must be allowed to be allegorical, even by the most incredulous, I am tempted to transcribe more of his observations, which tally, as well as what I have already cited, with the notions of the Italian critics. "I showed before how by Eriphila is meant covetousness, which our young gallants beat down but kill not," &c. "Whereas in the eighth staff, the way was said to be unpleasant (though that seem contrary to the saying of Hercules, two ways, of vice and pleasure), yet no doubt but even in this way of pleasure there may be many ill-favoured and dangerous passages; as one of the fathers well noteth, that a wretched worldling doth often toil more to go to hell for his labour, than a virtuous man doth to win heaven. The things that allure most to sensuality are set down in order: in the ninth staff, kind entertainment: in the tenth, sumptuous building: in the eleventh, and so forward to the sixteenth, artificial behaviour and exquisite beauty; in the eighteenth, music and wanton sonnets of love: riotous fare in the nineteenth. in the twentieth wanton discourses and purposes," &c. &c. &c.

7.

*To meet the child, Alcina, fair of huc,
Advanced.*

Stanza ix. lines 1 and 2.

We have here the personification of pleasure, so common in eastern and western romance; the Circe of the Odyssey, and the Labe of the Arabian Nights.

8.

*Her shape was of such perfect symmetry
As best to feign the industrious painter knows, &c.*

Stanza xi. lines 1 and 2.

I once considered the picture of Alcina, contained in this and the following stanza, which has been esteemed a model of perfect beauty, as uniting qualities which could hardly be found together; as black eyes and eye-brows and light hair. I have, however, seen a portrait, warranted to be an exact resemblance, which is a counterpart to that of Alcina. It is hardly necessary to observe that light hair, from its rarity, is usually esteemed a beauty among the southern people, and hence we read of the Roman ladies supplying themselves with wigs from the heads of the northern barbarians, brought prisoners to Rome.

Some citations may illustrate this usage.

Externo tincta nitore caput.

Propertius.

In another place,

Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color :

and again,

Nunc tibi captivos mittit Germania crines.

9.

*Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.*

Stanza xi. lines 5 and 6.

Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

OVID.

10.

Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

Stanza xii. line 8.

Laudaret faciem Livor quoque.

OVID.

11.

Which opens at will a paradise on earth.

Stanza xiii. line 8.

An ancient commentator says this line is taken with little alteration from one in an ancient book of romances.

12.

*Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.*

Stanza xiv. lines 7 and 8.

Quæque latent, meliora putat.

OVID.

13.

Angelic visions, creatures of the sky.

Stanza xv. line 7.

This may mean nothing more than its most obvious construction would imply; but such was the passion for Platonic doctrines in Italy, that I cannot help suspecting Ariosto of some such allusion in this line.

14.

*A spring is planted in Rogero's way,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move.*

Stanza xvi. lines 1 and 2.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.*

TIBULLUS.

15.

Where

Cleopatra feasted with the Latian lord.

Stanza xx. lines 3 and 4.

The Latian lord evidently means Mark Antony; but there is some discussion among the old critics, as to whether he was

designated as such, or Julius Cæsar, the preceding lover of Cleopatra. Ariosto like Shakespeare was thinking of the feasts described by Plutarch.

16.

*They form a ring, the board and festive cheer
Removed, and sitting, play a merry game:
Each asks, still whispering in a neighbour's ear,
What secret pleases best.*

Stanza xxi. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

This would seem to have been some favourite game in Ariosto's age, like our old *questions and commands*.

17.

*And when of comfits and of cordial wine
A fitting proffer has been made anew.*

Stanza xxiii. lines 1 and 2.

It was the custom during the middle ages, and continued to later times, to serve cordial or spiced wine upon retiring to rest: this was drunk sometimes in the hall, and sometimes in the bedchamber. The draught was termed in French *le vin de congé*, and in English *the wines*.

18.

Seemed of Arachne's loom.

Stanza xxiii. line 6.

For the story of Arachne turned into a spider for her rivalry of Minerva in spinning, see again the Classical Dictionary.

19.

*At every movement heard on distant floor,
Hoping 'twas her, Rogero raised his head.*

Stanza xxiv. lines 1 and 2.

Thus in Tibullus,

*Dum mihi venturam fingo, quodcunque movetur,
Illius credo personuisse pedes.*

And in Ovid,

Auribus interdum vocem captamus, et omnem
Adventûs strepitum credimus esse tui.

20.

Might interpose between the fruit and hand.

Stanza xxv. line 8.

Petrarch says ; I believe, versifying a proverb,

Tra la spiga e la man, qual muro, è innesso.

21.

Though but in a light sendal clad.

Stanza xxviii. line 1.

This (in the Italian *zendado*) was a thin species of silk.—
See Ducange in vocem *Cendatum*. The word sendal is of
constant occurrence in our old English chronicles and ro-
mances.

22.

*And that veil remained alone,
Which upon every side the damsel shows,
More than clear glass the lily or the rose.*

Stanza xxviii. lines 6, 7, 8.

Though Ariosto's age was very gross, we may observe
great delicacy in this description, compared with a parallel
place in Apuleijus ; and I mention this, because such an
observation would, I believe, hold good, on a comparison of
almost all similar passages in modern and classical popular
authors. Photis is described, like Alcina, as coming to her
lover almost undressed. " Nisi quod tenui panno bombycino in-
umbrabat spectabilem pubem."

23.

The plant no closer does the ivy clip.

Stanza xxix. line 1.

Ut tenax hедера hâc et hâc
Arborem implicat errans.

CATULLUS.

24.

*For silence seldom was a cause for blame,
But oftener as a virtue well reputed.*

Stanza xxx. lines 3 and 4.

Eximia est virtus præstare silentia rebus,
At contra gravis est culpa tacenda loqui.

OVID.

25.

Suspend the snare, or lime the fluttering thrush.

Stanza xxxii. line 6.

Birding in these and other modes is still a common sport with the Italians, who, moreover, like their ancestors, justly consider the thrush as a dainty.

26.

And lots for her each day, divining, tries.

Stanza xxxix. line 6.

There were many forms for thus obtaining an insight into distant or future events, as the *sortes Virgilianæ*, which we hear were tried so lately as by Charles I. We read in the old Arabian Nights of casting figures in sand for this purpose; but we learn the prettiest conjuration of this kind in the New Arabian Tales, which, though they have been evidently much interpolated, bear strong internal evidence of an Arabian origin. Two damsels, attendant upon an island princess of genie race, and themselves fairies, going in search of succour for their mistress, then besieged by her rebellious subjects, find a young

man sleeping on the shore, who, they think, may be fit for their purpose. To ascertain who he is, they fill a shell from the sea, and, having plucked a hair from his head, without waking him, cast it into this water. It immediately becomes troubled, and then, clearing itself, reflects a picture of tents, camels, and horses; showing the stranger to be an Arabian.

27.

Some Farfarello, or Alichino he.

Stanza l. line 1.

Farfarello and Alichino are devils in the Inferno of Dante; but Ariosto has taken the *i* out of Alichino, in order to get him into his verse. Here he has (as on some other occasions) made a sacrifice of propriety to prosody, for Alichino (winged or rather wingy, from *ali*) has a meaning, in the Inferno, which Alchino has not in the Furioso.

28.

*About the stripling's neck, a splendid string
Of gems, descending to mid-breast, is wound;
On each once manly arm, now glittering
With the bright hoop, a bracelet fair is bound.*

Stanza liv. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

In the beginning of the first stanza cited the reader will recognise an imitation of Homer and Virgil in the mission of Mercury to Ulysses and Æneas. Ariosto has indeed copied Virgil in many of his details. Thus Rogero's dress—

*These with her hand, such subtle toil well taught,
For him in silk and gold Alcina wrought,*

Stanza liii. lines 7 and 8.

is imitated from

*dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, et tenui telas discreverat auro;*

but, indeed, all this description is a mosaic, culled from various authors. For the earrings, Ovid tells that Dejanira

Vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo,
and afterwards makes her say,

Non puduit fortes auro cohibere lacertos,
Et solidis gemmas apposuisse toris?

29.

Like one who does Valentian lady's hest.

Stanza lv. line 4.

I do not know whether what was once called cicisbeism took its rise in Valencia, or whether this verse is only allusive to the general effeminacy of the province. The first supposition appears probable.

30.

*"The marrow of the lion and the bear
"Didst thou for this thine early banquet make,
"And, trained by me, by cliff or cavern-lair,
"Strangle with infant hands the crested snake;
"Their claws from tiger and from panther tear,
"And tusks from living boar in tangled brake."*

Stanza lvii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Here Ariosto is indebted to Statius, who makes Achilles speak thus of his education under Chiron:

Thessalus ut rigido senior me monte recepit,
Non ullas ex more dapes habuisse, nec ullis
Uberibus satiasset famem, sed spissa leonum
Viscera, semianimesque libens traxisse medullas.

And again, speaking of Achilles,

Nunquam ille imbelles obscura per avia lynces
Sectari
at tristes turbare cubilibus orsos,
Fulmineasque sues, &c.

31.

*" If thine own single honour move not thee,
 " And the high deeds which thou art called to do,
 " Wherefore defraud thy fair posterity ? &c."*

Stanza lx. lines 1, 2, 3.

Here, again, we have Virgil speaking as Mercury .

Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse tuâ moliris laude laborem,
 Ascanium surgentem et spes hæredis Iuli
 Respice.

32.

*For she had led
 A longer life than ever mortal wight,
 Than Hecuba or she in Cuma bred.*

Stanza lxxiii. lines 4, 5, 6.

These lines seem to be an imitation of two hendecasyllabic verses ; where found I do not recollect.

Quædam segnior Hectoris parente,
 Cumæ soror, ut puto Sibyllæ.

33.

*But now the ring interpreted the book,
 Which secrets, hid for many ages, taught.*

Stanza lxxiv. lines 3 and 4.

The original of these lines, is a very slight variation of Petrarch's

Venendo in terra a interpretar le carte,
 Ch' avean molt' anni già celato il vero.

THE ORLANDO FUËRISO.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.

*Rogero flies; Astolpho, with the rest,
To their true shape Melissa does restore;
Rinaldo levies knights and squadrons, pressed
In aid of Charles, assaulted by the Moor:
Angelica, by ruffians found at rest,
Is offered to a monster on the shore.
Orlando, warned in visions of his ill,
Departs from Paris sore against his will*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO VIII.

I.

How many enchantresses among us! oh,
How many enchanters are there, though unknown!
Who for their love make man or woman glow,
Changing them into figures not their own.
Nor this by help of spirits from below,
Nor observation of the stars is done! :
But these on hearts with fraud and falsehood plot,
Binding them with indissoluble knot.

II.

Who with Angelica's, or rather who
Were fortified with Reason's ring, would see
Each countenance, exposed to open view,
Unchanged by art or by hypocrisy.
This now seems fair and good, whose borrowed hue
Removed, would haply foul and evil be.
Well was it for Rogero that he wore
The virtuous ring which served the truth to explore!

III.

Rogero, still dissembling, as I said,
Armed, to the gate on Rabican did ride;
Found the guard unprepared, nor let his blade,
Amid that crowd, hang idle at his side:
He passed the bridge, and broke the palisade,
Some slain, some maimed; then towards the forest hied;
But on that road small space had measured yet,
When he a servant of the fairy met.

IV.

He on his fist a ravening falcon bore,
Which he made fly for pastime every day;
Now on the champaign, now upon the shore
Of neighbouring pool, which teemed with certain prey;
And rode a hack which simple housings wore,
His faithful dog, companion of his way.
He, marking well the haste with which he hies,
Conjectures truly that Rogero flies.

V.

Towards him came the knave, with semblance haught,
Demanding whither in such haste he sped:
To him the good Rogero answers naught.
He hence assured more clearly that he fled,
Within himself to stop the warrior thought,
And thus, with his left arm extended, said:
“What, if I suddenly thy purpose balk,
“And thou find no defence against this hawk?”

VI.

Then flies his bird, who works so well his wing,
Rabican cannot distance him in flight :
The falconer from his hack to ground did spring,
And freed him from the bit which held him tight ;
Who seemed an arrow parted from the string,
And terrible to foe, with kick and bite ;
While with such haste behind the servant came,
He sped as moved by wind, or rather flame.

VII.

Nor will the falconer's dog appear more slow ;
But hunts Rogero's courser, as in chace
Of timid hare the pard is wont to go.
Not to stand fast the warrior deems disgrace,
And turns towards the swiftly-footed foe,
Whom he sees wield a riding-wand, in place
Of other arms, to make his dog obey.
Rogero scorns his faulchion to display.

VIII.

The servant made at him, and smote him sore ;
The dog his left foot worried ; while untied
From rein, the lightened horse three times and more
Lashed from the croup, nor missed his better side.
The hawk, oft wheeling, with her talons tore
The stripling, and his horse so terrified,
The courser, by the whizzing sound dismayed,
Little the guiding hand or spur obeyed.

IX.

Constrained at length, his sword Rogero drew
To clear the rabble, who his course delay;
And in the animals' or villain's view
Did now its point, and now its edge display.
But with more hinderance the vexatious crew
Swarm here and there, and whoñy block the way;
And that dishonour will ensue and loss,
Rogero sees, if him they longer cross.

X.

He knew each little that he longer stayed,
Would bring the fay and followers on the trail;
Already drums were beat, and trumpets brayed,
And larum-bells rang loud in every vail.
An act too foul it seemed to use his blade
On dog, and knave unfenced with arms or mail:
A better and a shorter way it were
The buckler, old Atlantes' work, to bare.

XI.

He raised the crimson cloth in which he wore
The wondrous shield, enclosed for many a day;
Its beams, as proved a thousand times before,
Work as they wont, when on the sight they play;
Senseless the falconer tumbles on the moor;
Drop dog and hackney; drop the pinions gay,
Which poised in air the bird no longer keep:
Them glad Rogero leaves a prey to sleep.

XII.

In the mean time, Alcina, who had heard
How he had forced the gate, and, in the press,
Slaughtered a mighty number of her guard,
Remained nigh dead, o'erwhelmed with her distress:
She tore her vesture, and her visage marred,
And cursed her want of wit and wariness.
Then made forthwith her meiny sound to arms,
And round herself arrayed her martial swarms.

XIII.

Divided next, one squadron by the way
Rogero took, she sent; the bands were two:
She at the port embarked the next array,
And straight to sea dispatched the warlike crew.
With this good squadron went the desperate fay,
And darked by loosened sails the billows grew;
For so desire upon her bosom preyed,
Of troops she left her city unpurveyed.

XIV.

Without a guard she left her palace there,
Which to Melissa, prompt her time to seize,
To loose her vassals that in misery were,
Afforded all convenience and full ease;
—To range, at leisure, through the palace fair,
And so examine all her witcheries;
To raze the seal, burn images, and loose
Or cancel hag-knot^s, rhomb, or magic noose.

XV.

Thence through the fields, fast hurrying from that dome,
The former lovers changed, a mighty train,
Some into rock or tree, to fountain some,
Or beast, she made assume their shapes again :
And these, when they anew are free to roam,
Follow Rogero's footsteps to the reign
Of Logistilla sage ; and from that bourn
To Scythia, Persia, Greece, and Ind return.

XVI.

They to their several homes dispatched, repair,
Bound by a debt which never can be paid :
The English duke, above the rest her care,
Of these, was first in human form arrayed :
For much his kindred and the courteous prayer
Of good Rogero with Melissa weighed.
Beside his prayers, the ring Rogero gave ;
That him she by its aid might better save.

XVII.

Thus by Rogero's suit the enchantress won,
To his first shape transformed the youthful peer ;
But good Melissa deemed that nought was done
Save she restored his armour, and that spear
Of gold, which whensoever at tilt he run,
At the first touch unseated cavalier^d ;
Once Argalia's, next Astolpho's lance,
And source of mighty fame to both in France.

XVIII.

The sage Melissa found this spear of gold,
Which now Alcina's magic palace graced,
And other armour of the warrior bold,
Of which he was in that ill dome uncased.
She climbed the courser of the wizard old,
And on the croup, at ease, Astolpho placed :
And thus, an hour before Rogero came,
Repaired to Logistilla, knight and dame.

XIX.

Meantime, through rugged rocks, and shagged with thorn,
Rogero wends, to seek the sober fay ;
From cliff to cliff, from path to path forlorn,
A rugged, lone, inhospitable way :
Till he, with labour huge oppressed and worn,
Issued at noon upon a beach, that lay
'Twixt sea and mountain, open to the south,
Deserted, barren, bare, and parched with drouth.

XX.

The sunbeams on the neighbouring mountain beat^s
And glare, reflected from the glowing mass
So fiercely, sand and air both boil with heat,
In mode that might have more than melted glass.
The birds are silent in their dim retreat,
Nor any note is heard in wood or grass,
Save the bough-perched Cicala's wearying cry,
Which deafens hill and dale, and sea and sky.

XXI.

The heat and thirst and labour which he bore
By that drear sandy way beside the sea,
Along the unhabited and sunny shore,
Were to Rogero grievous company :
But for I may not still pursue this lore,
Nor should you busied with one matter be,
Rogero I abandon in this heat,
For Scotland ; to pursue Rinaldo's beat.

XXII.

By king, by daughter, and by all degrees,
To Sir Rinaldo was large welcome paid ;
And next the warrior, at his better ease,
The occasion of his embassy displayed :
' That he from thence and England, subsidies
' Of men was seeking, for his monarch's aid,
' In Charles's name ;' and added, ' in his care,
The justest reasons to support his prayer.

XXIII.

The king made answer, that ' without delay,
' Taxed to the utmost of his power and might,
' His means at Charlemagne's disposal lay,
' For the honour of the empire and the right.
' And that, within few days, he in array
' Such horsemen, as he had in arms, would dight ;
' And, save that he was now waxed old, would lead
' The expedition he was prayed to speed.

XXIV.

‘ Nor like consideration would appear
‘ Worthy to stop him, but that he possessed
‘ A son, and for such charge that cavalier,
‘ Measured by wit and force, was worthiest.
‘ Though not within the kingdom was the peer,
‘ It was his hope’ (as he assured his guest)
‘ He would, while yet preparing was the band,
‘ Return, and find it mustered to his hand.’

XXV.

So sent through all his realm, with expedition,
His treasurers, to levy men and steeds;
And ships prepared; and warlike ammunition,
And money, stores and victual for their needs.
Meantime the good Rinaldo on his mission,
Leaving the courteous king, to England speeds;
He brought him on his way to Berwick’s town,
And was observed to weep when he was gone.

XXVI.

The wind sat in the poop; Rinaldo good
Embarked, and bade farewell to all; the sheet
Still loosening to the breeze, the skipper stood,
Till where Thame’s waters, waxing bitter, meet
Salt ocean: wafted thence by tide of flood,
Through a sure channel to fair London’s seat,
Safely the mariners their course explore,
Making their way, with aid of sail and oar.

XXVII.

The Emperor Charles, and he, King Otho grave,
Who was with Charles, by siege in Paris pressed,
A broad commission to Rinaldo brave,
With letters to the Prince of Wales addressed,
And countersigns had given, dispatched to crave
What foot and horse were by the land possessed.
The whole to be to Calais' port conveyed;
That it to France and Charles might furnish aid.

XXVIII.

The prince I speak of, who on Otho's throne
Sate in his stead, the vacant helm to guide,
Such honor did to Aymon's valiant son*,
He not with such his king had gratified.
Next, all to good Rinaldo's wish, was done:
Since for his martial bands on every side,
In Britain, or the isles which round her lay,
To assemble near the sea he fixed a day.

XXIX.

But here, sir, it behoves me shift my ground,
Like him that makes the sprightly viol ring,
Who often changes chord and varies sound,
And now a graver strikes, now sharper string:
Thus I:—who did to good Rinaldo bound
My tale, Angelica remembering;
Late left, where saved from him by hasty flight,
She had encountered with an anchorite.

* Rinaldo.

XXX.

Awhile I will pursue her story: I
Told how the maid of him with earnest care,
Enquired, how she towards the shore might fly:
Who of the loathed Rinaldo has such fear,
She dreads, unless she pass the sea, to die,
As insecure in Europe, far or near.
But she was by the hermit kept in play,
Because he pleasure took with her to stay.

XXXI.

His heart with love of that rare beauty glowed,
And to his frozen marrow pierced the heat;
Who, after, when he saw that she bestowed
Small care on him, and thought but of retreat,
His sluggish courser stung with many a goad;
But with no better speed he plied his feet.
Ill was his walk, and worse his trot; nor spur
Could that dull beast to quicker motion stir:

XXXII.

And for the flying maid was far before,
And he would soon have ceased to track her steed,
To the dark cave recurred the hermit hoar,
And conjured up of fiends a grisly breed:
One he selected out of many more,
And first informed the demon of his need;
Then in the palfrey bade him play his part,
Who with the lady bore away his heart:

XXXIII.

And as sagacious dog on mountain tried
Before, accustomed fox or hare to chase,
If he behold the quarry choose one side,
The other takes, and seems to slight the trace :
But at the turn arriving, is espied,
Already tearing what he crossed to face ;
So her the hermit by a different road
Will meet, wherever she her palfrey goad.

XXXIV.

What was the friar's design I well surmise ;
And you shall know ; but in another page.
Angelica now slow, now faster, flies,
Nought fearing this : while conjured by the sage,
The demon covered in the courser lies ;
As fire sometimes will hide its smothered rage :
Then blazes with devouring flame and heat,
Unquenchable, and scarce allows retreat.

XXXV.

After the flying maid had shaped her course
By the great sea which laves the Gascon shore,
Still keeping to the rippling waves her horse,
Where best the moistened sand the palfrey bore,
Him, plunged into the brine, the fiend perforce
Dragged, till he swam amid the watery roar.
Nor what to do the timid damsel knew,
Save that she closer to her saddle grew.

XXXVI.

She cannot, howsoe'er the rein she ply,
Govern the horse, who swims the surge to meet :
Her raiment she collects and holds it high ;
And, not to wet them, gathers up her feet.
Her tresses, which the breeze still wantonly
Assaults, dishèvelled on her shoulders beat.
The louder winds are hushed, perchance in duty,
Intent, like ocean, on such sovereign beauty.

XXXVII.

Landward in vain her eyes^o the damsel bright
Directs, which water face and breast with tears,
And ever sees, decreasing to her sight,
The beach she left, which less and less appears.
The courser, who was swimming to the right,
After a mighty sweep, the lady bears
To shore, where rock and cavern shag the brink,
As night upon the land begins to sink.

XXXVIII.

When in that desert, which but to descry
Bred fear in the beholder, stood the maid
Alone, as Phœbus, plunged in ocean, sky
And nether earth had left obscured in shade ;
She paused in guise, which in uncertainty
Might leave whoever had the form surveyed,
If she were real woman, or some mock
Resemblance, coloured in the living rock.

XXXIX.

She, fixed and stupid in her wretchedness,
Stood on the shifting sand, with ruffled hair:
Her hands were joined, her lips were motionless,
Her languid eyes upturned, as in despair,
Accusing HIM on high, that to distress
And whelm her, all the fates united were.
Astound she stood awhile; when grief-found vent
Through eyes and tongue, in tears and in lament:

• XL.

“ Fortune, what more remains, that thou on me
“ Shouldst not now satiate thy revengeful thirst?
“ What more (she said) can I bestow on thee
“ Than, what thou seekest not, this life accurst?
“ Thou wast in haste to snatch me from the sea,
“ Where I had ended its sad days, immersed;
“ Because to torture me with further ill
“ Before I die, is yet thy cruel will.

XLI.

“ But what worse torment yet remains in store
“ Beyond, I am unable to destry:
“ By thee from my fair throne, which nevermore
“ I hope to repossess, compelled to fly;
“ I, what is worse, my honour lost deplore;
“ For if I sinned not in effect, yet I
“ Give matter by my wanderings to be stung
“ For wantonness of every carping tongue.

XLII.

- “ What other good is left to woman, who
“ Has lost her honour, in this earthly ball?
“ What profits it that, whether false or true,
“ I am deemed beauteous, and am young withal?
“ No thanks to heaven for such a gift are due,
“ Whence on my head does every mischief fall.
“ For this my brother Argalla died;
“ To whom small help enchanted arms supplied:

XLIII.

- “ For this the Tartar king, Sir Agrican,
“ Subdued my sire, who Galaphron was hight,
“ And of Catây in India was great khan;
“ 'Tis hence I am reduced to such a plight,
“ That wandering evermore, I cannot scan
“ At morn, where I shall lay my head at night.
“ If thou hast ravished what thou couldst, wealth,
 friends,
“ And honour; say what more thy wrath intends.

XLIV.

- “ If death by drowning in the foaming sea
“ Was not enough thy wrath to satiate,
“ Send, if thou wilt, some beast to swallow me,
“ So that he keep me not in pain! Thy hate
“ Cannot devise a torment, so it be
“ My death, but I shall thank thee for my fate!”
Thus, with loud sobs, the weeping lady cried,
When she beheld the hermit at her side.

XLV.

From the extremest height the hermit hoar
Of that high rock above her, had surveyed
Angelica, arrived upon the shore,
Beneath the cliff, afflicted and dismayed.
He to that place had come six days before ;
For him by path untrod had fiend conveyed :
And he approached her, feigning such a call,
As e'er Hilarion might have had, or Paul.

XLVI.

When him, yet unagnized, she saw appear,
The lady took some comfort, and laid by,
Emboldened by degrees, her former fear :
Though still her visage was of death-like dye.
“ *Misericord!* father,” when the friar was near
(She said), “ for brought to evil pass am I.”
And told, still broke by sobs, in doleful tone,
The story, to her hearer not unknown.

XLVII.

To comfort her, some reasons full of grace,
Sage and devout the approaching hermit cites :
And, now his hand upon her moistened face,
In speaking, now upon her bosom lights :
As her, securer, next he would embrace :
Him, kindling into pretty scorn, she smites
With one hand on his breast, and backward throws,
Then flushed with honest red, all over glows,

XLVIII.

A pocket at the ancient's side was dight,
 Where he a cruise of virtuous liquor wore;
 And at those puissant eyes, whence flashed the light
 Of the most radiant torch Love ever bore,
 Threw from the flask a little drop, of might
 To make her sleep: upon the sandy shore
 Already the recumbent damsel lay,
 The greedy elder's unresisting prey.

XLIX.

* * * * *

L.

* * * * *

Hopeless, at length upon the beach he lies,
 And by the maid, exhausted, falls asleep.
 When to torment him new misfortunes rise:
 Fortune does seldom any measure keep;
 Unused to cut her cruel pastime short,
 If she with mortal man is pleased to sport.

LI.

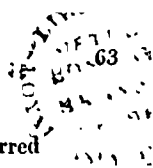
It here behoves me, from the path I pressed,
To turn awhile, ere I this case relate:
In the great northern sea, towards the west,
Green Ireland past, an isle is situate.
Ebuda is its name⁷, whose shores infest,
(Its people wasted through the Godhead's hate)
The hideous orc, and Proteus' other herd,
By him against that race in vengeance stirred.

LII.

Old stories, speak they falsely or aright,
Tell how a puissant king this country swayed;
Who had a daughter fair, so passing bright
And lovely, 'twas no wonder if the maid,
When on the beach she stood in Proteus' sight,
Left him to burn amid the waves: surveyed,
One day alone, upon that shore in-isled,
Her he compressed, and quitted great with child.

LIII.

This was sore torment to the sire, severe
And impious more than all mankind; nor he,
Such is the force of wrath, was moved to spare
The maid, for reason or for piety.
Nor, though he saw her pregnant, would forbear
To execute his sentence suddenly;
But bade together with the mother kill,
Ere born, his grandchild, who had done no ill.



LIIV.

Sca-Proteus to his flocks' wide charge preferred
 By Neptune, of all ocean's rule possessed,
 Inflamed with ire, his lady's torment heard,
 And, against law and usage, to molest
 The land (no sluggard in his anger) stirred
 His monsters, orc and sea-calf, with the rest ;
 Who waste not only herds, but human haunts,
 Farm-house and town, with their inhabitants :

LV. .

And girding them on every side, the rout
 Will often siege to walled cities lay ;
 Where in long weariness and fearful doubt,
 The townsmen keep their watch by night and day.
 The fields they have abandoned all about,
 And for a remedy, their last assay,
 To the oracle, demanding counsel, fly,
 Which to the suppliants' prayer made this reply :

LVI.

‘ That it behoved them find a damsel, who
 ‘ A form as beauteous as that other wore,
 ‘ To be to Proteus offered up, in lieu
 ‘ Of the fair lady, slain upon the shore :
 ‘ He, if he deems her an atonement due,
 ‘ Will keep the damsel, nor disturb them more :
 ‘ If not ; another they must still present,
 ‘ And so, till they the deity content.’

LVII.

And this it was the cruel usage bred ;
That of the damsels held most fair of face,
To Proteus every day should one be led,
Till one should in the Godhead's sight find grace.
The first and all those others slain, who fed,
All a devouring orc, that kept his place
Beside the port, what time into the main
The remnant of the herd retired again.

LVIII.

Were the old tale of Proteus' false or true,
(For this, in sooth, I know not who can read)
With such a clause was kept by that foul crew
The savage, ancient statute, which decreed
That woman's flesh the ravening monster, who
For this came every day to land, should feed.
Though to be woman is a crying ill
In every place, 'tis here a greater still.

LIX.

O wretched maids ! whom 'mid that barbarous rout
Ill-fortune on that wretched shore has tost !
Who for the stranger damsel prowl about,
Of her to make an impious holocaust ;
In that the more they slaughter from without,
They less the number of their own exhaust.
But since not always wind and wave convey
Like plunder, upon every strand they prey.

LX.

With frigate and with galley wont to roam,
And other sort of barks they range the sea,
And, as a solace to their martyrdom,
From far, or from their isle's vicinity,
Bear women off; with open rapine some,
These bought by gold, and those by flattery:
And, plundered from the different lands they scower,
Crowd with their captives dungeon-cell and tower.

LXI.

Keeping that region close aboard, to explore
The island's lonely bank, a galley creeps;
Where, amid stubs upon the grassy shore,
Angelica, unhappy damsel, sleeps.
To wood and water there the sailors moor,
And from the bark, for this, a party leaps;
And there that matchless flower of earthly charms
Discovers in the holy father's arms.

LXII.

Oh! prize too dear, oh! too illustrious prey!
To glut so barbarous and so base a foe!
Oh! cruel Fortune! who believed thy sway
Was of such passing power in things below?
That thou shouldst make a hideous monster's prey
The beauty, for which Agrican did glow,
Brought with half Scythia's people from the gates
Of Caucasus⁹, in Ind, to find their fates.

LXIII.

The beauty, by Circassian Sacripant
Preferred before his honor and his crown,
The beauty which made Roland, Brava's vaunt,
Sully his wholesome judgment and renown,
The beauty which had moved the wide Levant,
And awed, and turned its kingdoms upside down,
Now has not (thus deserted and unheard)
One to assist it even with a word.

LXIV.

Oppressed with heavy sleep upon the shore,
The lovely virgin, ere awake, they chain :
With her, the enchanter friar the pirates bore
On board their ship, a sad, afflicted train.
This done, they hoisted up their sail once more,
And the bark made the fatal isle again.
Where, till the lot shall of their prey dispose,
Her prisoned in a castle they enclose.

LXV.

But such her matchless beauty's power, the maid
Was able that fierce crew to mollify,
Who many days her cruel death delayed,
Preserved until their last necessity;
And while they damsels from without purveyed,
Spared such angelic beauty: finally,
The damsel to the monstrous orc they bring,
The people all behind her sorrowing.

LXVI.

Who shall relate the anguish, the lament
And outcry which against the welkin knock ?
I marvel that the sea-shore was not rent,
When she was placed upon the rugged block,
Where, chained and void of help, the punishment
Of loathsome death awaits her on the rock.
This will not I, so sorrow moves me, say,
Which makes me turn my rhymes another way ;

LXVII.

To find a verse of less lugubrious strain,
Till I my wearied spirit shall restore :
For not the squalid snake of mottled stain,
Nor wild and whelpless tiger, angered more,
Nor what of venomous, on burning plain,
Creeps 'twixt the Red and the Atlantic shore,
Could see the grisly sight, and choose but moan
The damsel bound upon the naked stone.

LXVIII.

Oh ! if this chance to her Orlando, who
Was gone to Paris-town to seek the maid,
Had been reported ! or those other two,
Duped by a post, dispatched from Stygian shade,
They would have tracked her heavenly footsteps
through
A thousand deaths, to bear the damsel aid.
But had the warriors of her peril known,
So far removed, for what would that have done ?

LXIX.

This while round Paris-walls the leaguer lay
Of famed Troyano's son's besieging band,
Reduced to such extremity one day,
That it nigh fell into the foeman's hand;
And, but that vows had virtue to allay
The wrath of Heaven, whose waters drenched the land,
That day had perished by the Moorish lance
The holy empire and great name of France.

LXX.

To the just plaint of aged Charlemagne
The great Creator turned his eyes, and stayed
The conflagration with a sudden rain,
Which haply human art had not allayed.
Wise whosoever seeketh, not in vain,
His help, than whose there is no better aid!
Well the religious king, to whom 'twas given,
Knew that the saving succour was from Heaven.

LXXI.

All night long counsel of his weary bed,
Vexed with a ceaseless care, Orlando sought;
Now here, now there, the restless fancy sped,
Now turned, now seized, but never held the thought:
As when, from sun or nightly planet shed,
Clear water has the quivering radiance caught,
The flashes through the spacious mansion fly,
With reaching leap, right, left, and low, and high¹⁰.

LXXII.

To memory now returned his lady gay,
She rather ne'er was banished from his breast ;
And fanned the secret fire, which through the day
(Now kindled into flame) had seemed at rest ;
That in his escort, even from Catà
Of farthest Ind, had journeyed to the west ;
There lost : Of whom he had discerned no token
Since Charles's power near Bordeaux-town was broken.

LXXIII.

This in Orlando moved great grief, and he
Lay thinking on his folly past in vain :
" My heart," he said, " oh ! how unworthily
" I bore myself ! and out, alas ! what pain,
" (When night and day I might have dwelt with thee,
" Since this thou didst not in thy grace disdain,)
" To have let them place thee in old Namus' hand !
" Witless a wrong so crying to withstand.

LXXIV.

" Might I not have excused myself?—The king
" Had not perchance gainsaid my better right—
" Or if he had gainsaid my reasoning,
" Who would have taken thee in my despite ?
" Why not have armed, and rather let them wring
" My heart out of my breast ? But not the might
" Of Charles or all his host, had they been tried,
" Could have availed to tear thee from my side.

LXXV.

- “ Oh! had he placed her but in strong repair,
“ Guarded in some good fort, or Paris-town!
“ —Since he *would* trust her to Duke Namus’ care,
“ That he should lose her in this way, alone
“ Sorts with my wish.”—Who *would* have kept the fair
“ Like me, that would for her to death have gone?
“ Have kept her better than my heart or sight:
“ Who should and could, yet did not what I might.

LXXVI.

- “ Without me, my sweet life, beshrew me, where
“ Art thou bestowed, so beautiful and young!
“ As some lost lamb, what time the daylight fair
“ Shuts in, remains the wildering woods among,
“ And goes about lamenting here and there,
“ Hoping to warn the shepherd with her tongue;
“ Till the wolf hear from far the mournful strain,
“ And the sad shepherd weep for her in vain.

LXXVII.

- “ My hope, where art thou, where? In doleful wise
“ Dost thou, perchance, yet rove thy lonely round?
“ Art thou, indeed, to ravening wolf a prize,
“ Without thy faithful Roland’s succour found?
“ And is the flower, which, with the deities,
“ Me, in mid heaven had placed, which, not to
 wound,
“ (So reverent was my love) thy feelings chaste,
“ I kept untouched, alas! now plucked and waste?

LXXVIII.

“ If this fair flower be plucked, oh, misery! oh,
“ Despair! what more is left me but to die?
“ Almighty God, with every other woe
“ Rather than this, thy wretched suppliant try.
“ If this be true, these hands the fatal blow
“ Shall deal, and doom me to eternity.”
Mixing his plaint with bitter tears and sighs,
So to himself the grieved Orlando cries.

LXXIX.

Already every where, with due repose,
Creatures restored their weary spirits; laid
These upon stones and upon feathers those,
Or greensward, in the beech or myrtle's shade:
But scarcely did thine eyes, Orlando, close¹²,
So on thy mind tormenting fancies preyed.
Nor would the vexing thoughts which bred annoy,
Let thee in peace that fleeting sleep enjoy.

LXXX.

To good Orlando it appeared as he,
Mid odorous flowers, upon a grassy bed,
Were gazing on that beauteous ivory,
Which Love's own hand had tinged with native red;
And those two stars of pure transparency,
With which he in Love's toils his fancy fed:
Of those bright eyes, and that bright face, I say,
Which from his breast had torn his heart away.

LXXXI.

He with the fullest pleasure overflows,
That ever happy lover did content : ‘
But, lo ! this time a mighty tempest rose,
And wasted flowers, and trees uptore and rent.
Not with the rage with which this whirlwind blows,
Joust warring winds, north, south, and east, unpent.
It seemed, as if in search of covering shade,
He, vainly wandering, through a desert strayed.

LXXXII.

Meanwhile the unhappy lover lost the dame
In that dim air, nor how he lost her, weets ;
And, roving far and near, her beauteous name
Through every sounding wood and plain repeats.
And while, “ oh wretched me ! ” is his exclaim,
“ Who has to poison changed my promised sweets ? ”
He of his sovereign lady who with tears
Demands his aid, the lamentation hears.

LXXXIII.

Thither, whence comes the sound, he swiftly hies,
And toils, now here, now there, with labour sore :
Oh ! what tormenting grief, to think his eyes
Cannot again the lovely rays explore !
—Lo ! other voice from other quarter cries—
“ Hope not on earth to enjoy the blessing more ! ”
At that alarming cry he woke, and found
Himself in tears of bitter sorrow drowned.

LXXXIV.

Not thinking that like images are vain,
When fear, or when desire disturbs our rest,
The thought of her, exposed to shame and pain,
In such a mode upon his fancy pressed,
He, thundering, leaped from bed, and with what chain
And plate behoved, his limbs all over dressed;
Took Briegliadoro from the stall he filled,
Nor any squire attendant's service willed.

LXXXV.

And to pass every where, yet not expose
By this his dignity to stain or slight,
The old and honoured ensign he foregoes,
His ancient bearing, quartered red and white.
And in its place a sable ensign shows,
Perhaps as suited to his mournful plight,
That erst he from an Amostantes bore,
Whom he had slain in fight some time before¹⁴.

LXXXVI.

At midnight he departed silently,
Nor to his uncle spake, nor to his true
And faithful comrade Brandimart, whom he
So dearly cherished, even bade adieu;
But when, with golden tresses streaming-free,
The sun from rich Tithonus' inn withdrew,
And chased the shades, and cleared the humid air,
The king perceived Orlando was not there.

LXXXVII.

To Charles, to his displeasure, were conveyed
News that his nephew had withdrawn at night,
When most he lacked his presence and his aid;
Nor could he curb his choler at the flight,
But that with foul reproach he overlaid,
And sorely threatened the departed knight,
By him so foul a fault should be repented,
Save he, returning home, his wrath prevented.

LXXXVIII.

Nor would Orlando's faithful Brandimart,
Who loved him as himself, behind him stay;
Whether to bring him back he in his heart
Hoped, or of him ill brooked injurious say:
And scarce, in his impatience to depart,
Till fall of eve his sally would delay.
Lest she should hinder his design, of this
He nought imparted to his Flordelis:

LXXXIX.

To him this was a lady passing dear,
And from whose side he was unwont to stray;
Endowed with manners, grace, and beauteous cheer,
Wisdom and wit: if now he went away
And took no leave, it was because the peer
Hoped to revisit her that very day.
But that befel him after, as he strayed,
Which him beyond his own intent delayed.

XC.

She when she has expected him in vain
Well nigh a month, and nought of him discerns,
Sallies without a guide or faithful train,
So with desire of him her bosom yearns :
And many a country seeks for him in vain ;
To whom the story in due place returns.
No more I now shall tell you of these two,
More bent Anglantes' champion to pursue ;

XCI.

Who having old Almontes' blazonry
So changed, drew nigh the gate ; and there the peer
Approached a captain of the guard, when he ;
" I am the County," whispered in his ear ;
And (the bridge quickly lowered, and passage free
At his commandment) by the way most near
Went straight towards the foe : but what befell
Him next, the canto which ensues shall tell.

NOTES, TO CANTO VIII.

1.

*Nor this by help of spirits from below,
Nor observation of the stars is done.*

Stanza i. lines 5 and 6.

Fallitur Ammonias siquis decurrit ad artes,
Datque quod a teneri fronte revellit equi.
Non facient ut vivat amor, Medeïdis herbæ
Mixtaque cum magicis Marsa venena sonis.

•

OVID.

2.

*The servant on his fist a falcon bore,
Which he made fly for pastime every day;
Now on the clampaign, now upon the shore
Of neighbouring pool, which teemed with certain prey;
And rode a hack which simple housings wore,
His faithful dog, companion of his way.*

Stanza iv. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Hawking, previously to the importation or diffusion of that species of game, which are the creatures of cultivation, was almost confined to the pursuit of aquatic birds, and hence this and the sister art of hunting were, during the middle ages, termed *the mysteries of woods and rivers*. The importance

attached to them, as exemplified by this very denomination, was not only consonant to the habits of such an age, but arose even out of its necessities: for before the introduction of dry forage, which was not of early origin, the woods and water afforded the only fresh food to be procured during the winter season; those who could not procure such an indulgence being obliged to live on salt provisions; and this, probably, was a cause of leprosy during the middle ages.

The reader will doubtless admire what artists term the keeping of this picture, together with the appearance of truth produced by its circumstantiality. But a commentator tells us that there is something beneath the surface, and that the four animals which attack Rogero are the four predominant passions; fear, exemplified by the servant, desire by the bird, grief by the dog, and joy by the hackney: all, even to the number of kicks given by the horse, being significant, though unsatisfactorily explained.

3.

Loose

Or cancel hag-knot.

Stanza xiv. lines 7 and 8.

In the original *turbine*: which here means a species of involved knot, used formerly in incantation. Perhaps *hag-knot*, which is still employed in the New Forest to designate the tangles in the manes of wild ponies, which are supposed to have been made by witches, to answer the purpose of stirrups, is its best English equivalent.

4.

And that spear.

*Of gold, which whensoc'er at tilt he rups,
At the first touch unscated cavalier.*

Stanza xvii. lines 4, 5, 6.

The reader must recur to the *inuamorado* for an account of this spear, with which Astolpho worked wonders, and which is one of Boyardo's happiest instruments.

5.

The sunbeams on the neighbouring mountain beat, &c.

Stanza xx. line 1.

To feel the full force of many of Ariosto's descriptions, the reader should have visited southern countries. I was first made sensible of the force and truth of the original of this stanza during a hot and lonely ride in Asia Minor, performed under some anxiety of mind as to its result; and I well remember that the chirp of the cicala, with which Ariosto finishes his description, was what appeared to me the most vexatious of all the accompaniments of my disagreeable journey.

6.

Landward in vain her eyes the damsel bright

Directs, &c.

Stanza xxxvii. lines 1 and 2.

An ancient commentator tells us Ariosto is here indebted to Ovid's picture of Europa carried off by the Bull; but he has copied from it few of his details. For some of these, however, he is indirectly indebted to the fable, having evidently borrowed a few touches of Poliziano, who has two stanzas on a group of Europa and the Bull, and as these, which were cited by Mr. Foscolo in his lectures as eminently beautiful, are little known in this country, I shall give them entire.

Ne l' altra, in un formoso e bianco tauro
 Si vede Giove per amor converso
 Portarne il dolce suo ricco tesoro;
 E lei volgere il viso al lito perso
 In atto paventosa; e i be' crin d'auro
 Scherzar nel petto per lo vento avverso:
 La veste ondeggia, e indietro fà ritorno:
 L' una man tien al dorso e l' altra al corno.

Le ignude piante a se ristrette accoglie,
 Quasi temendo il mar che non le bagne -
 'Tale atteggiata di paure e doglie
 Par' chiami invan le sue dolci compagne;
 Le quali assise tra fioretti e foglie
 Dolenti Europa ciascheduna piagne;
 'Europa,' suona il lito, 'Europa, riedi:'
 Il toro nuota, e talor bacia i piedi.
 Giostra di Poliziano, Libro I. stanza cv. cvi.

7.

Ebuda is its name, &c.

Stanza li. line 5.

Ptolemy enumerates five Irish isles, and Pliny fifty, as bearing this name. May it not be, as suggested to me, a corruption of Hebrides?

8.

Of her to make an impious holocaust.

Stanza lix. line 4.

In my wish to give a faithful likeness of my original, I have preserved Ariosto's own word, though the Greek reader may carp at the inaccuracy of the expression.

9.

From the gates

Of Caucasus.

Stanza lxii. lines 7 and 8.

Ariosto, perhaps, meant nothing more than the mere passages of Caucasus, which might seem signified by gates, inasmuch as such are called *ghauts* (meaning the same thing I believe)

in India; and such an expression is used to designate an opening in the hills which divide England and Scotland. But there is some fabulous account of Alexander the Great having shut up the defiles of Caucasus with iron gates, in order to confine the Scythians within these bounds; and the poet may possibly have had this in his mind.

10.

*As when, from sun or nightly planet shed,
Clear water has the quivering radiance caught,
The flashes through the spacious mansion fly
With reaching leap, right, left, and low and high.*

Stanza lxxi. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

Apollonius Rhodius is the inventor of the simile; but it is from Virgil, in his 8th book of the *Æneid*, that Ariosto has borrowed his illustration.

*Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repperçussum aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervollitat late loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.*

Thus translated by Dryden:

*So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polished brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.*

These lines may exemplify what the best translation *was* in point of accuracy. I will not take what some might think capricious exceptions at such words as *species*, or *day*, in its second place, which is rendered equivocal by the use made of it in the

first line; but will simply observe, that the *water*, on which every thing in Virgil turns, the real cause of the reflection, and, above all, of its unsteady nature, is left out: while in Pitt's *Æneid* the water contained in the caldron is called a *stream*. Such is the character of all our most admired old versions or paraphrases. In illustration of this, I will cite one more specimen of Dryden as a translator, because it is the most splendid as well as shortest and most familiar which occurs to me. He says of Fortune, copying from Horace,

I can enjoy her when she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.

Is this what Horace says, or what Horace could, in common decency, have said, speaking of a goddess whose severe divinity was recognised by the Romans? He, on the contrary, speaking in a calm and philosophical tone, says, "I praise her when steady; when she flies from me, resign what she bestowed;" all about *puffing the prostitute away* being at variance both with the letter and spirit of the original author, and giving an entirely false conception both of his poetry and of the manners of his age.

From such translations, the infidelity of which cannot be re-deemed by their beauty, I return to the admirable version of the simile in the *Æneid* by Ariosto, who seems to play with the thought as an Indian juggler with his ball. It may be remarked, that some words in the original, viz. '*in partesque rapit*,' seem to have suggested an entirely different thought from that which they convey in Virgil, and I notice this to show to what odd suggestions poets are sometimes indebted. The line I allude to in the Italian forms the beginning of stanza LXXI.

*La notte Orlando a le noiose piume
Del veloce pensier fà parte assai.*

It may be presumed that Ariosto was little read in Lucretius, or he might have found in him some new hints for this picture.

11.

"—Since he would trust her to Duke Namus' care,
 "That he should lose her in this way, alone
 "Sorts with my wish," &c.

Stanza lxxv. lines 3, 4, 5.

In the original,

Che l'abbia data a Namu mi consona
 Sol, perchè a perder l'abbia a questa sorte.

This peevish exclamation, which at first sight may appear obscure, is, perhaps, in unison with the character of Orlando. His meaning is, 'That he, Namus, should lose her in this way (since he was to have the charge of her) is the only thing in this transaction which pleases me.'

12.

*Alcady every where, with due repose,
 Creatures restored their weary spirits; laid
 These upon stones and upon feathers those,
 Or greensward, in the beech or myrtle's shade:
 But scarcely did thine eyes, Orlando, close.*

Stanza lxxix. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

is imitated from a passage in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*.

pecudes pictæque volucres,
 Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
 At non infelix animi Phœnissa, etc.

13.

Hope not on earth to enjoy the blessing more.

Stanza lxxxili. line 6.

This line, in the text,

Non sperar più gioirne in terra mai,

is taken, with little variation, from Petrarch's

Non sperar più vederla in terra mai;

but Ariosto could not imitate him without transfusing something of a warmer colouring into his copy.

14.

*That erst he from an Amosantes bore,
Whom he had slain in fight some time before.*

Stanza lxxxv. lines 7 and 8.

I cannot find to whom this alludes, but we may presume to some paynim vanquished by Orlando in some anterior romance; though we find no mention of any such in the Innamorato.

C.

THE ORLANDO, FURIOSO.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.

*So far Orlando wends, he comes to where
He of old Proteus' hears the cruel use ;
But feels such pity for Olymnia fair,
Wronged by Cymosco, who in prison mews
Her plighted spouse, that ere he makes repair
Further, he gives her hope to venge the abuse :
He does so, and departs ; and with his spouse
Departs Bireno, to repeat his vows.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO IX.

I.

WHAT cannot, when he has a heart possess'd,
This false and cruel traitor Love? since he
Can banish from Orlando's faithful breast
Such tried allegiance and due loyalty?
Wise, full of all regards, and of the blest
And glorious church the champion wont to be,
Now, little for himself or uncle, driven
By a vain love, he cares, and less for heaven.

II.

But I excuse him well, rejoiced to know
I have like partner in my vice: for still
To seek my good I too am faint and slow,
But sound and nimble in pursuit of ill.
The count departs, disguised in sable show,
Nor for so many friends, with froward will,
Deserted cares; and comes where on the plain
Are camped the hosts of Afric and of Spain;

III.

Rather uncamped : for, in less troops or more,
Rains under shed and tree had driven the band.
Here ten, there twenty, seven or eight, or four,
Nearer or further off, Orlando scanned.
Each sleeps, oppressed with toil and wearied sore ;
This stretched on earth, that propped upon his hand :
They sleep, and many might the count have slain,
Yet never bared his puissant Durindane¹.

IV.

So generous is Orlando's heart, he base
Esteems it were to smite a sleeping foe.
Now this he seeks, and now that other place ;
Yet cannot track his lady, high or low.
If he finds any one in waking case,
Sighing, to him he paints her form and show ;
Then prays him that for courtesy, he where
The damsel is, will teach him to repair.

V.

And when the day its shining light displaid,
He wholly searched the Moorish army through.
In that the gentle warrior was arraid
In Arab weeds, he this might safely do ;
And of his purpose came alike in aid
That other tongues beside the French he knew ;
And in the African so well was read,
He seemed in Tripoly one born and bred :

VI.

He sojourns there three days, the camp to see;
Still seeking nought beside: next up and down,
Within, without, both burgh and city he
Spies; nor surveys the realm of France alone;
But fair Auvergne, and even Gascony
Revisits, to its farthest little town.
Roves from Provence to Britany's domain,
And from the Picards to the bounds of Spain.

VII.

Between October and November's noon,
In that dull season when the leafy vest
Is stript from trembling plant, whose limbs are shown
Of all their mantling foliage dispossess'd,
And in close flights the swarming birds are flown,
Orlando enters on his amorous quest:
This he pursues the livelong winter through,
Nor quits when gladsome spring returns anew.

VIII.

As (such his wont) from land to land he goes,
A river's side he reaches on a day;
Which to the neighbouring sea in quiet flows,
Bretons and Normans parting on its way:
But, swoln with mountain rain and melted snows,
Then thundered, white with foam and flashing-spray:
And with impetuous stream had overtopt
Its brim, and burst the bridge, and passage stopt.

IX.

The paladin this bank and the other eyed,
Along the river's channel, to explore,
Since neither fish nor fowl, if from his side
He could gain footing on the adverse shore;
When, with a damsel in the poop, he spied
A ready pinnacle that towards him bore:
She steered, as if she would approach the strand;
But would not let her shallop make the land.

X.

Steered not to land; as haply with suspicion
To take a lading, in her own despite.
To her the good Orlando made petition
To put him o'er the stream; and she: "No knight
" Passes this ferry, but upon condition
" He shall his faith and promise duly plight,
" That he will do a battle, at my prayer,
" Upon the justest quarrel and most fair.

XI.

" So that if thou on the other shore to land
" Dost by my aid, Sir cavalier, desire,
" Promise me, ere the month which is at hand"
(The damsel so pursued her speech) " expire,
" That thou wilt join the Hibernian monarch's band,
" Who forms a fair armada, in his ire,
" To sack Ebuda's isle; of all compress'd
" By ocean's circling waves, the cruellest.

XII.

- “ Know, beyond Ireland, in the briny flood,
“ An island, amid many others, lies;
“ Ebuda is its name; whose people rude
“ (Such is their law), in search of plunder hies;
“ And all the women that it takes, for food
“ To a voracious animal supplies;
“ Which every day to shore for this does speed,
“ And finds new wife or maid whereon to feed :

XIII.

- “ For of these merchant still and Corsair sell
“ A large supply, and most of those most fair.
“ Reckoning one slain a-day, you thus may well
“ Compute what wives and maids have perished there.
“ But if compassion in your bosom dwell,
“ Nor you to Love an utter rebel are,
“ Be you content^d with this band to wend,
“ United for such profitable end.”

XIV.

To hear the whole Orlando scarce could bear,
Ere to be first in that emprise he swore²,
As one who evil deed misliked to hear,
And with impatience like relation bore :
Hence first induced to think, and next to fear,
Angelica is captive on that shore :
Since he so long the missing maid pursues,
Nor of the damsel yet can gather news.

XV.

Breaking his every scheme, this phantasy
The troubled cavalier did so confound,
That with all speed to that fell island he
Resolved to navigate; nor yet the round
Of a new sun was buried in the sea,
Ere he a vessel at St. Malo's found;
In which, embarking on his quest, the count
Put forth, and cleared that night St. Michael's Mount^s.

XVI.

Breac and Landriglier⁴ past on the left hand,
Orlando's vessel skims the Breton shore;
Then shapes her course towards the chalky strand,
Whence England's isle the name of Albion bore:
But the south wind, which had her canvas fanned,
Shifts to north-west, and freshening, blows so sore,
The mariners are fain to strike all sail,
And wear and scud before the boisterous gale.

XVII.

A distance traversed in four days, in one
Backwards the ceaseless wind the frigate bore:
The helmsman kept the sea, lest she should run
Aground, and break like glass upon the shore.
The wind upon the fifth day changed its tune,^s
So loud and furious through the other four;
And let, without more strife, the vessel gain
A port, where Antwerp's river met the main.

XVIII.

As soon as harboured there in shattered plight,
The weary mariners their frigate moor,
Out of a city, seated on the right
Of that fair stream, descends upon the shore,
As his gray hairs may warrant him, a wight
Stricken in years; who, full of courteous lore,
Turns to the county, after greetings due,
Reputing him the leader of that crew.

XIX.

And prays him, on a damsel's part, ' that he
' To her would think not irksome to repair;
' Whom of unequalled affability
' And sweetness, he would find, as well as fair;
' Or otherwise would be content, that she
' Should to his bark resort, to seek him there,
' Nor prove less pliant than had been before
' All the knights errant, who had sought that shore:

XX.

' For hitherto, by land or sea conveyed,
' No cavalier had journeyed to that place
' That had refused to parley with the maid,
' And give her counsel in a cruel case.'
Orlando, hearing this, no more delayed,
But issued from the bark with hurried pace,
And, in all kind and courteous usage bred,
His way directed where the ancient led.

XXI.

With him did Roland to the city go,
And at the bottom of a palace-stair,
Conducted by that elder, full of woe
A lady found, if face may grief declare,
And sable cloth, with which (a mournful show)
Chamber, and hall, and gallery, furnished were;
Who, after honourable welcome paid,
Seated the paladin, and sadly said.

XXII.

“The daughter of the Count of Holland,” (cried
The lady) “know in me, Sir cavalier.
“Though not his only offspring (for beside
“Myself two brothers were) to him so dear,
“That, for whatever favour I applied,
“I never met refusal from the peer.
“I living gladly in this happy sort,
“A duke by chance was guested at our court;

XXIII.

“The Duke of Zealand, meaning for Biscay;
“With purpose there to war upon the Moor;
“His youth and beauty, then in manhood’s May,
“And force of love, unfelt by me before,
“Made me, with little strife, his easy prey:
“Persuaded by his outward cheer yet more,
“I thought, and think, and still shall think^e, the peer
“Loved me, and loves me yet with heart sincere.

XXIV.

- “ Those days, whenas the wind was contrary,
“ (Which fair for me, if foul for others blew)
“ To others forty seemed, an hour to me ;
“ So upon speedy wings the moments flew.
“ This while, we oftentimes held colloquy,
“ When, to be given with solemn right and due,
“ I promised him, and he to me, his hand,
“ On his return, in wedlock’s holy band.

XXV.

- “ Bireno hardly from our court was¹ gone,
“ For such the name my faithful lover bore,
“ When Friesland’s king, whose realm is from our own
“ No further than this stream from Ocean’s shore,
“ Designing to bestow me on his son,
“ Arbantes hight (the monarch had no more),
“ To Holland sent the worthiest of his land,
“ Me of the count, my father, to demand.

XXVI.

- “ I without power to falsify that vow,
“ Which to my gentle lover I had plight ;
“ Nor though I had the power, would Love allow
“ Me so to play the ingrate, if I might,
“ (The treaty, well on foot, to overthrow,
“ And nigh concluded) with afflicted sprite,
“ Cried *to my father, I would rather shed*
“ *My very life-blood, than in Friesland wed.*

XXVII.

- “ My gracious father, he who took but pleasure
“ In what pleased me, nor would my will constrain ;
“ Marking my grief, broke off the intended measure,
“ To give me comfort and relieve my pain.
“ At this proud Friesland's sovereign such displeasure
“ Conceived, and entertained such high disdain ;
“ He entered Holland, and the war began,
“ In which my kin were slaughtered to a man.

XXVIII.

- “ Besides, that both his puissance and his might
“ Are such, as in our age are matched of few,
“ Such is in evil deeds his cunning sleight,
“ He laughs to scorn what wit and force can do.
“ Strange arms he bears, unknown to any wight,
“ Save him, of the ancient nations or the new :
“ A hollow iron, two yards long, whose small
“ Channel he loads with powder and a ball.

XXIX.

- “ He, where 'tis closed behind, in the iron round,
“ Touches with fire a vent, discerned with pain ;
“ In guise that skilful surgeon tries his ground,
“ Where need requires that he should breathe a vein.
“ Whence flies the bullet with such deafening sound,
“ That bolt and lightning from the hollow cane
“ Appear to dart, and like the passing thunder,
“ Burn what they smite, beat-down or rend asunder.

XXX.

- “ Twice broken, he our armies overthrew
“ With this device, my gentle brethren slain;
“ The first the shot in our first battle slew,
“ Reaching his heart, through broken plate and chain;
“ The other in the other onset, who
“ Was flying from the fatal field in vain.
“ The ball his shoulder from a distance tore
“ Behind, and issued from his breast before.

XXXI.

- “ My father next, defending on a day
“ The only fortress which he still possessed,
“ The others taken which about it lay,
“ Was sent alike to his eternal rest:
“ Who going and returning, to purvey
“ What lacked, as this or that occasion pressed,
“ Was aimed at from afar, in privy wise,
“ And by the traytour struck between the eyes.

XXXII.

- “ And I remaining, sire and brethren dead,
“ The isle of Holland's only heir, the king
“ Of Friesland, who by the desire was led
“ Of better there his power establishing,
“ To me, and also to my people said,
“ I peace and quiet to my state might bring,
“ Would I (what I before would not accord)
“ Now take his son Arbantes for my lord.

XXXIII.

- " I, not so much for deadly hate I bear
" To him and all his kindred, by whose spite
" My sire and both my brothers slaughtered were,
" My country sacked and waste, as that the knight
" I would not wrong, to whom I fealty sware,
" And had my solemn word already plight
" That me to wedlock man should woo in vain,
" Till he to Holland should return from Spain,

XXXIV.

- " For one ill-born, a hundred yet behind,
" Will bear (replied) to hazard all content,
" —Slain, burnt alive, to let them to the wind
" Scatter my ashes, rather than' consent.—
" My people seek to move my stedfast mind,
" By prayer and by protest, from this intent;
" And threat to yield my city up and me,
" Lest all be lost through my obduracy.

XXXV.

- " When in my fixt and firm resolve they read,
" That prayer and protest are alike in vain;
" My town and me, with Friesland's king agreed,
" Surrendered, as they vowed, my vassal train.
" Not doing by me any shameful deed,
" Me he assured of life and of domain,
" So I would soften my obdurate mood,
" And be to wed with his Arbantes wooed.

XXXVI.

- “ I who would have consented to forego
“ My life to scape from him, reflection made,
“ That, save I first avenged myself, all woe
“ Endured, would be by this regret outweighed.
“ —Long time I muse, and to my misery know,
“ ’Tis only simulation which can aid.
“ Not simple willingness, I feign, desire,
“ To win his grace, and have him for my sire.

XXXVII.

- “ ’Mid many in my father’s service, I
“ Select two brothers fitted for my view,
“ Of valiant heart and great ability
“ But more approved for truth, as followers, who
“ Bred in my father’s court, from infancy
“ Had with myself grown up; the brothers two
“ So wholly bound to me, they would have thought
“ My safety with their lives was cheaply bought.

XXXVIII.

- “ To them I tell my project, and the pair
“ Of brethren promise me their faithful aid:
“ To Flanders this, a pinnacle to prepare,
“ I sent, and that with me in Holland stayed.
“ Now, while both foreigners and natives were,
“ Of Friesland’s kingdom, to our nuptials prayed,
“ Bireno in Biscay (the tidings went)
“ For Holland had equipt an armament.

XXXIX.

- “ Since on the issue of the earliest fray,
“ When in the rout one hapless brother fell,
“ I had dispatched a courier to Biscay,
“ Who the sad news should to Bireno tell :
“ While he toils sore his squadron to array,
“ Proud Friesland’s arms our wretched remnant quell.
“ Bireno, who knew nought of this, had weighed,
“ And with his barks put forth to bring us aid.

XL.

- “ These tidings told to Friesland’s monarch, he
“ Confiding to his son the wedding’s care,
“ To meet Bireno’s squadron puts to sea,
“ And (so chance willed) burns, sinks, or routs them
there,
“ Leading him off into captivity ;—
“ But none to us as yet the tidings bear.
“ This while I to the amorous youth am wed,
“ Who, when the sun sought *his*, would seek *my* bed.

XLI.

- “ Behind the curtains, I had hid the tried
“ And faithful follower, of whom I said,
“ Who moved not till the bridegroom he descried,
“ Yet waited not till he in bed was laid :
“ But raised a hatchet, and so well applied
“ Behind the stripling’s head the ponderous blade,
“ Of speech and life it reft him ; I, who note
“ The deed, leap lightly up and cut his throat’.

XLII.

- “ As falls the bullock upon shamble-sill,
“ Thus fell the ill-starred stripling, in despite
“ Of king Cymosco, worst among the ill ;
“ So was the impious king of Friesland hight,
“ Who did my brothers and my father kill,
“ And, in my state to found a better right ;
“ In wedlock wished to join me with his son ;
“ Haply to slay me when his end was won.

XLIII.

- “ Ere new disturbance interrupt the deed,
“ Taking what costliest was and lightest weighed,
“ Me my companion by a chord, with speed,
“ Drops from a window, where with boat purveyed
“ In Flanders (as related) for my need,
“ His brother, watchful of our motions, stayed :
“ We dip the oar, we loose the sail, and driven
“ By both, escape, as was the will of Heaven.

XLIV.

- “ The daring feat achieved, I cannot say
“ If Friesland's king more sorrowed for his son,
“ Or raged at me : he there arrived, the day
“ Ensuing, where the dreadful deed was done.
“ Proud he returned, both he and his array,
“ Of the duke taken, and the victory won :
“ And thought to feast and nuptials he was bound,
“ But in his home all grief and darkness found.

XLV.

- “ His pity for his son, the hate he fed
“ Towards me, torment the father day and night ;
“ But as lamenting will not raise the dead,
“ And vengeance is a vent for smothered spite ;
“ That portion of his thoughts, which should have led
“ The king, to ease by sighs his troubled sprite,
“ Now willingly takes counsel with his hate,
“ To seize me, and his vengeance satiate.

XLVI.

- “ All known or said to be my friends, or who
“ Were friends of those that, chosen from my train,
“ Had aided me the deadly deed to do,
“ Their goods and chattels burnt, were doomed or
 slain :
“ And he had killed Bireno, since he knew
“ No other trouble could inflict such pain ;
“ But that he, saving him in malice, thought
“ He had a net wherewith I might be caught.

XLVII.

- “ Yet him a cruel proposition made,
“ Granting a year his purpose to complete ;
“ Condemned to privy death, till then delayed,
“ Save in that time, through force or through deceit,
“ He by his friends’ and kindred’s utmost aid,
“ Doing or plotting, me from my retreat
“ Conveyed into his prisons ; so that he
“ Can only saved by my destruction be.

XLVIII.

- “ What for his safety could be done, behold,
“ Short of my own destruction, has been tried.
“ Six towns I had in Flanders: these I sold,
“ And (great or small the produce put aside)
“ A part of it, to wily persons told,
“ That it to tempt his guards might be applied ;
“ The rest of it dispensed to move and arm
“ Germans or English, to the miscreant's harm.

XLIX.

- “ My agents, whether they their trust betrayed,
“ Or that they could in truth perform no more,
“ Me with vain words instead of help have paid,
“ And scorn me, having drained my scanty store :
“ And now the term is nigh expired, when aid,
“ Whether of open force or treasured ore,
“ No longer will arrive in time to save
“ My cherished spouse from torture and the grave.

L.

- “ Through him, from me was my dominion rent ;
“ Through him, my father and my brethren slain ;
“ Through him, the little treasure left me, spent
“ (What served alone existence to sustain)
“ To rescue him, in cruel durance pent ;
“ Nor other means to succour him remain ;
“ Save I, to liberate him from prison, go
“ And yield myself to such a cruel foe.

LI.

- “ If nothing more be left me then to try,
“ Nor other way for his escape appear,
“ Than *his* with this *my* wretched life to buy,
“ This life I gladly will lay down : one fear
“ Alone molests me ; and it is that I
“ Can never my conditions make so clear,
“ As to assure me, that with new deceit,
“ Me, when his prey, the tyrant will not cheat.

LII.

- “ I fear, when I shall be in captive plight,
“ And he has put all tortures upon me,
“ He may not loose Bireno, and the knight
“ Have not to thank me for his liberty :
“ Like perjured king, and full of foul despite,
“ Who with my murder will not satiate be ;
“ But by Bireno neither less nor more
“ Will do, than he had done by me before.

LIII.

- “ The occasion now that I confer with you,
“ And tell my case to all who seek the land,
“ Both lords and knights, is with the single view,
“ That taking counsel of so large a band,
“ Some one may indicate assurance due,
“ That when before the cruel king I stand,
“ No longer he Bireno shall detain ;
“ Nor, after I am killed, the duke be slain.

LIV.

- “ Warrior to wend with me, I in my need,
“ When I shall be to Friesland given, have prayed ;
“ But so he promise, that the exchange agreed
“ Shall be between us in such manner made,
“ That from his bonds Bireno shall be freed
“ When I am to the monarch’s hands conveyed :
“ Thus I, when I am slain, shall die content,
“ Who to my spouse shall life by death have lent :

LV.

- “ Nor to this day have chanced upon a wight
“ Who on his faith will give me warranty,
“ That if the king refuse to loose the knight,
“ When I am offered, from captivity,
“ He will not suffer that in my despite
“ (So feared those weapons !) I shall taken be.
“ So feared those weapons, upon every hand !
“ Which, howsoever thick, no plates withstand.

LVI.

- “ Now, if as strong Herculean port and bold
“ Appear to vouch, such worth to you belong ;
“ And you believe to give me or withhold
“ Is in your power, should he intend me wrong ;
“ Be with me, when committed to his hold,
“ Since I shall fear not, in your convoy strong,
“ When you are with me, that my lord, though I
“ Be after slain, shall by his order die.”

LVII.

Here her discourse, wherewith were interposed
Loud sobs, the lady ceased, and silent stood :
Orlando, when her lips the damsel closed,
Whose ready will nè'er halts in doing good,
Briefly to her replies, as indisposed
To idle speeches of his natural mood :
But plights his solemn word, that better aid
She should from him receive than that she prayed.

LVIII.

'Tis not his scheme to place her in the hand
Of her foul foe, to have Bireno freed ;
He will save both the lovers, if his brand
And wonted valour fail him not at need.
Embarked that very day, they put from land
With a clear sky and prosperous wind to speed.
The county hastes in his impatient heat,
'Eager to reach that isle, the monster's seat.

LIX.

Through the still deeps, on this or the other side,
The skipper veered his canvas to the wind :
This isle, and that of Zealand, they descried,
One seen before, and one shut in behind^s.
The third day, from the harboured vessel's side,
In Holland, Roland disembarks, not joined
By the complaining dame ; whom to descend
He wills not till she hear that tyrant's end.

LX.

Armed at all points, the county passed ashore,
Borne on a horse 'twixt brown and black, the breed
Of Denmark, but in Flanders nurtured, more
Esteemed for weight and puissance than for speed :
For when the paladin embarked before,
In Brittany he left the gallant steed;
His Brigliador ; so nimble and so fair,
That but Bayardo could with him compare.

LXI.

Orlando fares to Dordrecht, where he views
A numerous squadron, which the gate maintain ;
As well, because suspicion still ensues
On the foundation of a new domain ;
As that before they had received the news,
That out of Zeeland, backed with armed train,
Was coming with a fleet of many sail,
A cousin of the lord here pent in jail.

LXII.

One, good Orlando to the monarch's ear
Bade bear a message, ' that an errant knight
' On him would prove himself, with sword and spear ;
' But would lay down this pact before the fight :—
' That if the king unhorsed the cavalier,
' Her who Arbantes slew, he, as his right,
' Should have, that, at the cavalier's command,
' Was ready for delivery to his hand ;

LXIII.

‘ And willed the king should on his side agree,
‘ If him the knight in combat overbore,
‘ Forthwith released from his captivity,
‘ Bireno to full freedom to restore.’
To him the footman does his embassy ;
But he, who knightly worth or courteous lore
Had never known, directs his whole intent
The count by treacherous fraud to circumvent.

LXIV.

He hopes as well, if he the warrior slay,
To have the dame, whom, so aggrieved, he hates,
If in the knight’s disposal, and the say
Of that strange knight, the footman well relates,
Hence thirty men dispatched by other way
Than to the portal led, where Roland waits ;
Who with a long and privy circuit wind,
And come upon the paladin behind.

LXV.

He all this while had made his guard delay
The knight with words, till horse and foot he spied
Arrived, where he this ambuscade did lay ;
When from the gate he with as many hied :
As is the practised hunter’s wonted way,
To circle wood and beasts on every side :
As nigh Volana, with his sweeping nets,
The wary fisher fish and pool besets⁹.

LXVI.

'Tis thus the king bars every path which lies
Free for the warrior's fight, with armed train :
He him alive, and in no other guise,
Would have, and lightly hopes his end to gain ;
Nor for the earthly thunderbolt applies,
That had so many and so many slain :
Which here he deems would serve his purpose ill,
Where he desires to take and not to kill.

LXVII.

As wary fowler, bent on greater prey,
Wisely preserves alive the game first caught,
That by the call-bird and his cheating play¹⁰,
More may within the circling net be brought ;
Such cunning art Cymosco would assay :
But Roland would not be so lightly bought ;
Like them by the first toil that springs betrayed ;
And quickly forced the circle which was made.

LXVIII.

Where he perceives the assailants thickest stand,
He rests his lance, and sticks in his career
First one and afterwards another, and
Another, and another, who appear
Of paste ; till six he of the circling band
Of foes impales upon a single spear ;
A seventh left out, who by the push is slain,
Since the clogged weapon can no more contain.

LXIX.

No otherwise, upon the further shore
Of fosse or of canal, the frogs we spy,
By cautious archer, practised in his lore,
Smote and transfix'd¹¹ the one the other nigh ;
Upon the shaft, until it hold no more,
From barb to feathers full, allowed to lie.
The heavy lance Orlando from him flung,
And to close combat with his faulchion sprung.

LXX.

The lance now broke, his sword the warrior drew,
That sword which never yet was drawn in vain,
And still with cut or thrust some soldier slew ;
Now horse, now footman of the tyrant's train.
And, ever where he dealt a stroke, changed blue,
Yellow, green, white, and black, to crimson stain.
Cymosco grieves, when most his needs require,
Not to have now his hollow cane and fire ;

LXXI.

And with loud voice and menacing command
Bids these be brought, but ill his followers hear ;
For those who have found safety of his band,
To issue from the city are in fear.
He, when he sees them fly on either hand,
Would fly as well from that dread cavalier ;
Makes for the gate, and would the drawbridge lift,
But the pursuing county is too swift.

LXXII.

The monarch turns his back, and leaves the knight
Lord of the drawbridge and of either gate.
Thanks to his swifter steed, the rest in flight
He passes : good Orlando will not wait
(Intent the felon, not his band, to smite)
Upon the vulgar herd to wreck his hate.
But his slow horse seems restive ; while the king's,
More nimble, flies as if equipt with wings.

LXXIII.

From street to street, before the count he made ;
And vanished clean ; but after little stay,
Came with new arms, with tube and fire purveyed ;
Which, at his hest, this while his men convey.
And posted at a corner, he waylaid :
His foe, as hunter watches for his prey,
In forest, with armed dogs¹² and spear, attending
The boar in fury from the hill descending,

LXXIV.

Who rends the branch and overthrows the stone ;
And wheresoe'er he turns his haughty front,
Appears (so loud the deafening crash and groan)
As if he were uprending wood and mount.
Intent to make him his bold deed atone,
Cymosco at the pass expects the count ;
As soon as he appears, with ready light
Touches the hole, and fires upon the knight.

LXXV.

Behind, the weapon flames in lightning's guise,
And vents the thunder from before; the ground
Shakes under foot and city wall; the skies
The fearful echo all about rebound.
The burning bolt with sudden fury flies,
Not sparing aught which in its course is found.
Hissing and whizzing through the skies it went;
But smote not, to the assassin's foul intent.

LXXVI.

Whether it was his great desire to kill
That baron, or his hurry made him fail,
Or trembling heart, like leaf which flutters still,
Made hand and arm together flinch and quail;
Or that it was not the Creator's will
The church so soon her champion should bewail¹³;
The glancing stroke his courser's belly tore,
Outstretched on earth, from thence to rise no more.

LXXVII.

To earth fall horse and rider: this the knight
Scarcely touched; the other thundering pressed the plain:
For the first rose so ready and so light,
He from the fall seemed breath and force to gain.
As African Antæus, in the fight,
Rose from the sand with prouder might and main;
So when Orlando touched the ground, to view
He rose with doubled force and vigour new.

LXXVIII.

He who has seen the thunder, from on high,
Discharged by Jove with such a horrid sound,
Descend where nitre, coal¹⁴, and sulphur lie,
Stored up for use in magazine profound,
Which scarce has reached—but touched it, ere the sky
Is in a flame, as well as burning ground,
Firm walls are split, and solid marbles riven,
And flying stones cast up as high as heaven ;

LXXIX.

Let him imagine, when from earth he sprung,
Such was the semblance of the cavalier ;
Who moved in mode to frighten Mars among
The Gods, so fierce and horrid was his cheer.
At this dismay'd, the King of Friesland stung
His horse, and turned his rein, to fly the peer :
But fierce Orlando 'was upon his foe
Faster than arrow flies from bended bow :

LXXX.

And, what before he could not, when possess'd
Of his good courser, now afoot will do.
His speed outgoes all thought in every breast,
Exceeds all credence, save in those who view.
The tyrant shortly joined, he on the crest
Smote at his head so well, he cleft it through ;
And to the neck divided by the blow,
Sent it, to shake its last on earth below.

LXXXI.

Lo! in the frightened city other sound

Was heard to rise, and other clash of brands,
From troop, who, thither in his guidance bound,
Followed Bireno's cousin from his lands:
Who, since the unguarded gates he open found,
Into the city's heart had poured his bands;
Where the bold paladin had struck such fear,
He without let might scour it far and near.

LXXXII.

In rout the people fly, who cannot guess

Who these may be, or what the foes demand:
But, when this man and that by speech and dress
As Zealand-men distinguishes the band,
*Carte blanche*¹⁵ they proffer, and the chief address,
Bidding him range them under his command;
Against the Frieslanders to lend him aid,
Who have their duke in loathsome prison stayed.

LXXXIII.

To Friesland's king that people hatred bore

With all his following; who their ancient lord
Had put to death, and who by them yet more,
As evil and rapacious, was abhorred.
Orlando interposed with kindly lore,
As friend of both, the parties to accord:
By whom, so joined, no Frieslander was left
But was of life or liberty bereft.

LXXXIV.

They would not wait to seek the dungeon-key,
But breaking-down the gate, their entrance made:
Bireno to the count with courtesy
And grateful thanks the service done repaid.
Thence they, together, with large company,
Went, where Olympia in her vessel stayed:
For so was the expecting lady hight,
To whom that island's crown belonged of right;

LXXXV.

She who had thither good Orlando brought,
Not hoping that he would have thriven so well:
—Enough for her, if by her misery bought,
Her spouse were rescued from the tyrant's cell!—
Her, full of love and loyal homage, sought
The people one and all: 'Twere long to tell
How she caressed Bireno, he the maid,—
What thanks both lovers to the county paid.

LXXXVI.

The people, throned in her paternal reign,
Replace the injured dame, and fealty swear:
She on the duke, to whom in solid chain
Love with eternal knot had linked the fair,
The empire of herself and her domain
Conferred: He, called away by other care,
Left in the cousin's guardian care this while
His fortresses, and all the subject isle.

LXXXVII.

Since he to visit Zealand's duchy planned,
His faithful consort in his company;
And thence, upon the king of Friesland's land,
Would try his fortune (as he said), for he
A pledge, he rated highly, had in hand,
Which seemed of fair success the warranty,
The daughter of the king; who here forsaken,
With many others had been prisoner taken.

LXXXVIII.

To a younger brother, her, the duke pretends,
To be conjoined in wedlock, he conveyed.
The Roman senator* thence parting wends
Upon the very day Bireno weighed;
But he to nothing else his hand extends
Of all the many, many prizes made,
Save to that engine, found amid the plunder,
Which in all points I said resembled thunder.

LXXXIX.

Not with intent, in his defence to bear
What he had taken, of the prize possess;
For he still held it an ungenerous care
To go with vantage on whatever quest:
But with design to cast the weapon where
It never more should living wight molest:
And, what was appertaining to it, all
Bore off as well, the powder and the ball.

* Orlando.

XC.

And thus, when of the tidesway he was clear,
And in the deepest sea his bark descried,
So that no longer distant signs appear
Of either shore on this or the other side,
He seized the tube, and said: "That cavalier
" May never vail through thee his knightly pride,
" Nor base be rated with a better foe,
" Down with thee to the darkest deep below!

XCI.

" O loathed, O cursed piece of enginery,
" Cast in Tartarean bottom, by the hand
" Of Beelzebub, whose foul malignity
" The ruin of this world through thee has planned!
" To hell, from whence thou came, I render thee!"
So said, he cast away the weapon: fanned
Meanwhile, with flowing sheet, his frigate goes,
By wind, which for the cruel island blows.

XCII.

Such was the paladin's desire to explore
If in that place his missing lady were;
Whom he prefers the united world before,
Nor can an hour of life without her bear,
He fears, if he set foot on Ireland's shore,
Some other chance may interrupt him there:
So that he after have in vain to say,
" Why hasted I no faster on my way?"

XCIII.

Nor he in England nor in Ireland port
Will make, nor on the coast that's opposite.
But let him go, the naked archer's sport,
Sore smitten in the heart!—ere I indite
Yet more of him, to Holland I resort,
And you to bear me company invite.
For well I wot that you as well as me
'Twould grieve *that* bridal should without us be.

XCIV.

Sumptuous and fair the bridal there is made;
But neither yet so sumptuous nor so fair
As it will be in Zealand, it is said:
But 'tis not my design you should repair
Thither; since by new accidents delayed
The feast will be, of which be it my care,
In other strain, the tidings to report;
If you to hear that other strain resort.

NOTES TO CANTO IX.

1.

Yet never bared his puissant Durindanc.

Stanza iii. line 8.

The name of Orlando's sword.

2.

To hear the whole Orlando scarce could bear,

Ere to be first in that emprise he swore.

Stanza xiv. lines 1 and 2.

This is quite consonant to the spirit of romances of chivalry, and so is indeed every thing in the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. Thus the Orlando of the *Innamorato*, fighting with Agrican, grants him respite, that he may rally his troops; and even offers his services for that purpose against the very forces with which he was associated for Agrican's destruction. Thus Rinaldo, in this poem, when in the execution of an embassy, neglects it, and embarks in an adventure which suspends the execution of a solemn and urgent duty. In the same spirit Orlando even delays his quest of his mistress, to succour this damsel, who was unknown to him; though Ariosto has ingeniously softened the extravagance of his conduct by making him reflect that in this expedition he might also serve his *Au-gelica*.

3.

And cleared that night St. Michael's Mount.

Stanza xv. line 8.

Another reading of the original would make Orlando pass the night in St. Michael's Mount: but I shall generally adopt that which appears to me the best, without stating my reasons for it, unless I should conceive there is some cause for explanation. Ariosto must here mean one of the many of St. Michael's seats in Brittany, and not our Cornish "vision of the guarded Mount:" for St. Michael seems to have been a very favourite saint with the Celts of Brittany as well as those of Cornwall.

4.

Breac and Landriglier, &c.

Stanza xvi. line 1.

I can no more explain what Ariosto means by these names, which, as having a Welsh or Breton sound, may be supposed real, than former commentators could what Milton had in view when he spoke of *Namancos*, which he places on the Spanish coast, opposite to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. But as *Namancos* has been found in an old map of Spain, so *Breac* and *Landriglier* may perhaps be discovered in one of France.

5.

Somewhat changed its tune.

Stanza xvii. line 5.

In the original,

alquanto cangiò metro.

6.

I thought, and think, and still shall think, &c.

Stanza xxiii. line 7.

The want of inflection in our tenses precluded a nearer approach to the original, of which I have sought to imitate the tone.

Io credea, e credo, e creder credo il vero.
which again is an imitation of Dante's

"Io credo ch' ei credette ch' io credessi."

Inf. Cant. XIII.

7.

*I, who note**The deed, leap lightly up and cut his throat.*

Stanza xli. lines 7 and 8.

This piece of ferocity, which might seem inconsistent with such a character as that of Olympia, in any age, convinces me that this incident of the story, which seems to have been made up of many parts, had a foundation in truth. *Credo quia impossibile est*. I am, however, unable to discover any traces of it anterior to Ariosto's poem. At any rate, the reader will regret that such a trait of brutality was either invented or copied by Ariosto. It is, however, a mere act of justice to observe that he seems to have repented making a Judith of Olympia: for among the alterations of the *Furioso*, vouched by Galasso, as the intended emendations of his brother Ludovico, the original line

‘Io saltai presto e gli segai la gola,’

is changed to

‘Poi saltò presto e gli segò la gola,

the poet thus transferring the consummation of the murder to the servant who had struck down the bridegroom. But even admitting this correction, there is a daring spirit in the woman which is repugnant to our notions of feminine softness, and I cannot help thinking that the interest which she excites, is, in a great degree, owing to the beautiful picture which we have of her when stripped for sacrifice, and fastened to the rock. She is like the Athenian courtesan who, when her cause was going ill, dropped her clothes, and stood naked before her judges.

8.

*This isle, and that of Zealand, they descried,
One seen before, and one shut in behind.*

Stanza lix. lines 3 and 4.

Ariosto is here accurate in his geography, in which he almost always observes that of his age. His precision on such points

(as where he illustrates the relative position of Alcina's and Logistilla's territories by the boundaries of England and Scotland) is the more remarkable, as he is, I believe, the first among the moderns, who made a study of such proprieties. What is more, he certainly was the first, either among ancients or moderns, who, in a wider sense of the word, studied what is now called *costume*, as in his description of a Scottish chief in a future canto, &c. &c.

9.

*As nigh Volana, with his sweeping nets,
The wary fisher fish and pool besets.*

Stanza lxy. lines 7 and 8.

Volana, not far distant from Ferrara, is one of the mouths of the Po, in which the fish take refuge, and from which their return is intercepted by a net, resembling the Seine.

10.

*As wary fowler, bent on greater prey,
Wisely preserves alive the game first caught,
That by the call-bird and his cheating play,
More may within the circling net be brought.*

Stanza lxxvii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

In the original,

Qual cauto uccellator, che serba vivi
Intento à maggior preda, i primi augelli,
Perchè in più quantitate altri captivi
Faccia col gioco e col zimbello di quelli.

The *zimbello* of the text is a bird used to decoy others, which, together with the birds first taken, is, in Italy, confined with a string, and by the fowler's play made to leap up and flutter; which attracts the notice of the wild birds, who join them, and are taken. I have seen this practice in Tuscany, where it is styled the *paretajo*. It is, I believe, called the *roccolo* in Lombardy, and is common in Germany, and probably in other parts

of the continent. When I witnessed it, we were shut up in a small room about eight feet square, nearly buried in the ground, from the surface of which just enough of the top of the building projected, to allow of a small window being made in it. From this we saw the sport. Among some hornbeams, as thickly planted as those we see in a nursery garden, and about as high, were tied the decoy-birds, and when any others visited them, we pulled the string of a clap-net, which closed upon the prey.

11.

*No otherwise, upon the further shore
Of fosse or of canal, the frogs we spy,
By cautious archer, practised in his lore,
Smote and transfixed, &c.*

Stanza lxxix. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

The frog-hunter has changed his weapons, and frogs are now fished for in Italy.

12.

*As hunter watches for his prey,
In forest, with armed dogs.*

Stanza lxxiii. lines 6 and 7.

I suppose with collars armed with spikes, as may yet be seen on the wolf-dogs in parts of Switzerland.

13.

*Or that it was not the Creator's will
The church so soon her champion should bewail.*

Stanza lxxvi. lines 5 and 6.

Had Ariosto lost sight of Orlando's invulnerability, save in the sole of his foot, or is he to be defended for such an apparent oversight by a reference to the Innamorato, which represents the count as not insensible to contusions, though his skin is impenetrable?

14.

Descend where nitre, coal, and sulphur lie.

Stanza lxxviii. line 3.

In the original,

Carbon, zolfo e con salnitro, &c.

I may possibly be blamed for translating *carbon* coal; but the English word coal, in its true signification, means charcoal, in which sense it is used by Lord Bacon; what we now term coal being formerly termed seacoal, as it is now named by the Italians, *carbon' fossile*. But it may be said to me, with reference to other places, besides this, why imitate the *trecentisti* of Italy, and turn back to pick up

‘Phrase which Time has flung away?’

I answer, that I stand in a very different position from these authors, and that I should not do what they are doing, if writing an original poem on a modern subject; but to seek my phraseology in English authors nearest to the time of Ariosto, seems to me to be the best mode of avoiding one of the rocks on which the late translator of Ariosto has split, the awakening modern associations. To this it may be added, that certain terms of art and of chivalry, &c. can only be rendered by equivalents, to be found in the language of those days. Indeed I may go further, and say that many of the most familiar modes of expression in old Italian authors can only be precisely translated by cotemporary English terms; owing to the writers of the Elizabethan age having formed their phraseology so closely upon Italian models. It is upon this principle that I have ventured to render *sossopra* by its exact equivalent of *upside-down*, the use of which I conceived to be justified by the translation of the psalms and Bible; and indeed I have usually the authority of this or some other works, unexceptionable in point of language, for such old words as I have employed, nor have I used one Spenserian expression, which is not borne out by the adoption of some other and surer warranty. I say this

because Spenser is not always a safe guide in the use of words, of which he coined many and misapplied others, the exact meaning of which he did not understand.

15.

Carte blanche they proffer.

Stanza lxxxii. line 5.

In the original 'foglio bianco;' for which I cannot find any English equivalent.

16.

To hell, from which thou came, I render thee.

Stanza xci. line 5.

I have here, and sometimes elsewhere, in according the second person plural of a verb with the second person singular of the pronoun *thou*, also imitated our older poets, who (like the Italians) make little sacrifices of grammar for the sake of euphony. It is a strange truth that our language (though this is perhaps true of all languages) should have grown harsher and our verse less harmonious in proportion as both have been cultivated. As to the little licence often taken by these our earlier poets, in thus breaking that vile alliance of the *st*, the opprobrium of our language, there is yet one distinguished modern who seems to have a due horror of a sound which might hiss an Italian into madness, and who, I believe, always takes the sting out of the tail of such words as *amongst* and *amidst*.

For the passage in the original; I may observe, that if Milton, as Mr. Foscolo, in his lectures, ingeniously suggested, was indebted to Pulci for the dignified character which he, improving gloriously upon his model, has given the Devil, he certainly took the idea of ascribing to him the invention of artillery from this passage of Ariosto, whatever may be the worth of the thing borrowed. An Italian critic justly remarks how entirely the poet, in his simple but exact description of an arquebuss, has put himself in the place of one to whom fire-arms are new.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.

*Another love assails Bireno's breast,
Who leaves one night Olympia on the shore.
To Logistilla's holy realm addressed,
Rogerio goes, nor heeds Alcina more :
Him, of that flying courser repossess,
The hippogryph on airy voyage bore :
Whence he the good Rinaldo's levy sees,
And next Angelica beholds and frees.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO X.

I.

OF all the loves, of all fidelity
Yet proved, of all the constant hearts and true,
Of all the lovers, in felicity
Or sorrow faithful found, a famous crew,
To Olympia I would give the first degree
Rather than second: if this be not due,
I well may say than hers no tale is told
Of truer love, in present times or old.

II.

And this she by so many proofs and clear,
Had made apparent to the Zealand lord,
No woman's faith more certain could appear
To man, though he her open heart explored:
And if fair truth such spirits should endear,
And they in mutual love deserve reward,
Bireno as himself, nay, he above,
Himself, I say, should kind Olympia love.

III.

Nor only should he nevermore deceive
Her for another, were that woman she
Who so made Europe and wide Asia grieve,
Or fairer yet, if one more fair there be ;
But rather than quit her the light should leave,
And what is sweet to taste, 'touch, hear, and see,
And life and fame, and all beside ; if aught
More precious can in truth be styled, or thought.

IV.

If her Bireno loved, as she had loved
Bireno, if her love he did repay
With faith like hers, and still with truth unmoved,
Veered not his shifting sail another way ;
Or ingrate for such service—cruel proved
For such fair love and faith, I now will say ;
And you with lips comprest and eye-brows bent,
Shall listen to the tale for wonderment ;

V.

And when you shall have heard the impiety,
Which of such passing goodness was the meed,
Woman take warning from this perfidy,
And let none make a lover's word her creed.
Mindless that God does all things hear and see,
The lover, eager his desires to speed,
Heaps promises and vows, aye prompt to swear,
Which afterwards all winds disperse in air !

VI.

The promises and empty vows dispersed
In air, by winds all dissipated go,
After these lovers have the greedy thirst
Appeased, with which their fevered palates glow.
In this example which I offer, versed,
Their prayers and tears to credit be more slow.
Cheaply, dear ladies mine, is wisdom bought
By those who wit at other's cost are taught.

VII.

Of those in the first flower of youth beware,
Whose visage is so soft and smooth to sight:
For past, as soon as-bred, their fancies are;
Like a straw-fire their every appetite.
So the keen hunter follows up the hare
In heat and cold, on shore, or mountain-height;
Nor, when 'tis taken, more esteems the prize;
And only hurries after that which flies.

VIII.

Such is the practice of these striplings who,
What time you treat them with austerity,
Love and revere you, and such homage do,
As those who pay their service faithfully;
But vaunt no sooner victory, than you
From mistresses shall servants grieve to be;
And mourn to see the fickle love they owed,
From you diverted, and elsewhere bestowed.

IX.

I not for this (for that were wrong) opine
That you should cease to love; for you, without
A lover, like uncultivated vine,
Would be, that has no prop to wind about².
But the first down I pray you to decline,
To fly the volatile, inconstant rout;
To make your choice the riper fruits among,
Nor yet to gather what too long has hung.

X.

A daughter they have found (above was said)
Of the proud king who ruled the Friesland state;
That with Bireno's brother was to wed,
As far as rumour tells; but to relate
The truth, a longing in Bireno bred
The sight of food so passing delicate;
And he to balk his palate deemed would be,
For other's sake, a foolish courtesy.

XI.

The gentle damsel had not past fourteen,
Was beautiful and fresh, and like a rose,
When this first opening from its bud is seen,
And with the vernal sun expands and grows.
To say Bireno loved the youthful queen
Were little; with less blaze lit tinder glows,
Or ripened corn, wherever envious hand
Of foe amid the grain has cast a brand,

XII.

Than that which on Bireno's bosom fed,
And to his marrow burned; when, weeping sore
The fate of her unhappy father dead,
He saw her bathed in ceaseless tears deplore:
And, as cold water, on the cauldron shed;
Stops short the bubbling wave, which boiled before;
So was the raging fire Olympia blew
Within his breast, extinguished by a new.

XIII.

Nor feels Bireno mere satiety;
He loaths her so, he ill endures her sight;
And, if his hope be long deferred, will die:
For other such his fickle appetite!
Yet till the day prefixed to satisfy
His fond desire, so feigns the wary knight,
Olympia less to love than to adore
He seems, and but her pleasure to explore.

XIV.

And if the other he too much caress,
Who cannot *but* caress her, there are none
See evil in the deed, but rather guess
It is in pity, is in goodness done:
Since to raise up and comfort in distress
Whom Fortune's wheel beats down in changeful run,
Was never blamed; with glory oftener paid;
—So much the more, a young—a harmless maid.

XV.

Almighty God ! how fallible and vain
Is human judgment, dimmed by clouds obscure^s !
Bireno's actions, impious and profane,
By others are reputed just and pure.
Already stooping to their oars, the train
Have loosed his vessel from the port secure,
And with the duke and his companions steer
For Zealand through the deep, with merry cheer.

XVI.

Already Holland and its headlands all
Are left astern, and now descried no more ;
Since to shun Friesland they to larboard hawl,
And keep their course more nigh the Scottish shore :
When they are overtaken by a squall,
And drive three days the open sea before :
Upon the third, when now, near eventide,
A barren and unpeopled isle is spied.

XVII.

As soon as they were harboured in a bight,
Olympia landed and the board was spread ;
She there contented, with the faithless knight,
Supt, unsuspecting any cause for dread.
Thence, with Bireno, where a tent was pight
In pleasant place, repaired, and went to bed.
The others of their train returned aboard,
And rested in their ship, in haven moored.

XVIII.

The fear and late sea-sorrow, which had weighed
So long upon the dame and broke her rest,
The finding herself safe in greenwood shade
Removed from noise, and, for her tranquil breast
(Knowing her love was beside her laid)
No further thoughts, no further cares molest,
Olympia lap in slumber so profound,
No sheltered bear or dormouse sleeps more sound.

XIX.

The lover false, who, hatching treason lies,
Stole from his bed in silence, when he knew
She slept: his clothes he in a bundle ties,
Nor other raiment on his body threw.
Then issuing forth from the pavilion hies,
As if on new-born wings, towards his crew;
Who, roused, unmoor without a cry, as he
Commands, and loosen thence and put to sea.

XX.

Behind the land was left; and there to pine
Olympia, who yet slept the woods among⁴;
Till from her gilded wheels the frosty rhine
Aurora upon earth beneath had flung;
And the old woe, beside the tumbling brine,
Lamenting, halcyons mournful descant sung⁵;
When she, 'twixt sleep and waking, made a strain
To reach her loved Bireno, but in vain⁶.

XXI.

She no one found; the dame her arm withdrew;
She tried again, yet no one found; she spread
Both arms, now here, now there, and sought anew;
Now either leg; but yet no better sped.
Fear banished sleep; she oped her eyes: in view
Was nothing: she no more her widowed bed
Would keep, but from the couch in fury sprung,
And headlong forth from the pavilion flung,

XXII.

And seaward ran, her visage tearing sore,
Presaging, and now certain of her plight:
She beat her bosom, and her tresses tore,
And looked (the moon was shining) if she might
Discover any thing beside the shore;
Nor, save the shore, was any thing in sight.
She calls Bireno, and the caverns round,
Pitying her grief, Bireno's name rebound?

XXIII.

On the far shore there rose a rock; below
Scooped by the breaker's beating frequently:
The cliff was hollowed underneath, in show
Of arch, and overhung the foaming sea.
Olympia (MIND such vigour did bestow)
Sprang up the frowning crest impetuously,
And, at a distance, stretched by favouring gale,
Thence saw her cruel lord's departing sail:

XXIV.

Saw it, or seemed to see: for ill her eyes,
Things through the air, yet dim and hazy, view.
She falls, all-trembling, on the ground, and lies
With face than snow more cold and white in hue⁸:
But when she has again found strength to rise,
Guiding her voice towards the bark which flew,
Calling with all her might, the unhappy dame
Calls often on her cruel consort's name.

XXV.

Where unavailing was the feeble note,
She wept and clapt her hands in agony⁹.
"Without its freight," she cried, "thy ship does float.
"—Where, cruel, dost thou fly¹⁰ so swiftly?—me
"Receive as well:—small hinderance to thy boat,
"Which bears my spirit, would my body be."
And she her raiment waving in her hand,
Signed to the frigate to return to land¹¹.

XXVI.

But the loud wind which sweeping ocean, bears
The faithless stripling's sail across the deep,
Bears off as well the shriek, and moan, and prayers
Of sad Olympia, sorrowing on the steep.
Thrice, cruel to herself, the dame prepares
From the high rock amid the waves to leap.
But from the water lifts at length her sight,
And there returns where she had passed the night.

XXVII.

Stretched on the bed, upon her face she lay,
Bathing it with her tears. "Last night in thee
"Together two found shelter," did she say;
"Alas! why two together are not we
"At rising? False Bireno! cursed day¹²
"That I was born! What here remains to me
"To do? What can be done?—alone, betrayed—
"Who will console me, who afford me aid?

XXVIII.

"Nor man I see, nor see I work, which shows
"That man inhabits in this isle; nor I
"See ship, in which (a refuge from my woes),
"Embarking, I from hence may hope to fly.
"Here shall I starve; nor any one to close
"My eyes, or give me sepulture, he by¹³,
"Save wolf perchance, who roves this wood, a tomb
"Give me, alas! in his voracious womb.

XXIX.

"I live in terror, and appear to see
"Rough bear or lion issue even now,
"Or tiger, from beneath the greenwood tree,
"Or other beast with teeth and claws: but how
"Can ever cruel beast inflict on me,
"O cruel beast, a fouler death than thou¹⁴?
"Enough for them to slay me once! while I
"Am made by thee a thousand deaths to die.

XXX.

- “ But grant, e’en now, some skipper hither fare,
“ Who may for pity bear me hence away;
“ And that I so eschew wolf, lion, bear,
“ Torture, and dearth, and every horrid way
“ Of death; to Holland shall he take me, where
“ For thee is guarded fortilage and bay;
“ Or take me to the land where I was born,
“ If this thou hast from me by treachery torn?

XXXI.

- “ Thou, with pretence, from me my state didst wrest
“ Of our connection and of amity;
“ And quickly of my land thy troops possess,
“ To assure the rule unto thyself. Shall I
“ Return to Flanders where I sold the rest,
“ Though little, upon which I lived, to buy
“ Thee needful succour and from prison bear?
“ Wretch, whither shall I go?—I know not where.

XXXII.

- “ Can I to Friesland go, where I to reign
“ As queen was called, and this for thee forewent;
“ Where both my brethren and my sire were slain,
“ And every other good from me was rent?—
“ Thee would I not, thou ingrate, with my pain
“ Reproach, nor therefore deal thee punishment:
“ As well as I, the story dost thou know;
“ Now, see the meed thou dost for this bestow!

XXXIII.

“ Oh ! may I but escape the wild corsair,
“ Nor taken be, and after sold for slave¹⁵ !
“ Rather than this may lion, wolf, or bear,
“ Tiger, or other beast, if fiercer rave,
“ Me with his claws and tushe^s rend and tear,
“ And drag my bleeding body to his cave.”
So saying she her golden hair offends,
And lock by lock the scattered tresses rends.

XXXIV.

She to the shore's extremest verge anew,
Tossing her head, with hair dishevelled, run ;
And seemed like maid beside herself, and who
Was by ten fiends possessed, instead of one¹⁶ ;
Or like the frantic Hecuba, at view
Of murdered Polydore, her infant son ;
Fixed on a stone she gazed upon the sea,
Nor less than real stone seemed stone to be¹⁷.

XXXV.

But let her grieve till my return. To show
Now of the child I wish : his weary way
Roger^o, in the noon's intensest glow,
Takes by the shore : the burning sunbeams play
Upon the hill and thence rebound ; below
Boils the white sand ; while heated with the ray,
Little is wanting in that journey dire,
But that the arms he wears are all on fire,

XXXVI.

While to the warrior thirst and labour sore,
Still toiling through that heavy sand, as he
Pursued his path along the sunny shore,
Were irksome and displeasing company,
Beneath the shadow of a turret hoar,
Which rose beside the beach, amid the sea,
He found three ladies of Alcina's court,
As such distinguished by their dress and port.

XXXVII.

Reclined on Alexandrian carpets rare¹⁸
The ladies joyed the cool in great delight ;
About them various wines in vessels were,
And every sort of comfit nicely dight ;
Fast by, and sporting with the ripple there,
Lay, waiting on their needs, a pinnace light,
Until a breeze should fill her sail anew :
For then no breath upon the waters blew.

XXXVIII.

They, who beheld along the shifting sand
Rogero wend, upon his way intent,
And saw thirst figured on his lips, and scanned
His troubled visage, all with sweat besprent,
Began to pray, ' on what he had in hand
' He would not show his heart so deeply bent,
' But that he in the cool and grateful shade
' Would rest his weary limbs, beside them laid.'

XXXIX.

To hold the stirrup one approaching near,
Would aid him to alight: the other bore
A cup of chrystal to the cavalier,
With foaming wine, which raised his thirst the more ;
But to the music of their speech no ear
He lent, who weened if he his way forebore
For any thing, each lett would time supply
To Alcina to arrive, who now was nigh.

XL.

Not so saltpetre fine and sulphur pure,
Touched with the fiery spark, blaze suddenly ;
Not so loud ocean raves, when the obscure
Whirlwind descends and camps in middle sea,
As viewing thus the knight proceed secure
Upon his journey, and aware that he
Scorns them, who yet believe they beauteous are,
Kindled the third of those three damsels fair.

XLI.

As loud as she could raise her voice, she said,
“ Thou art not gentle, nor art thou a knight ;
“ And hast from other arms and horse conveyed
“ Which never could be thine by better right.
“ So be thy theft, if well I guess, appaid
“ By death, which this may worthily requite !
“ Foul thief, churl, haughty ingrate, may I thee
“ Burned, gibbeted, or cut in quarters see !”

XLII.

Beside all these and more injurious cries,
Which the proud damsel at the warrior throws,
Though to her taunts Rogero nought replies,
Who weens small fame from such a contest flows ;
She with her sisters to the frigate hies,
Which waits them, and aboard the tender goes ;
And plying fast her oars, pursues the knight
Along the sandy beach, still kept in sight.

XLIII.

On him with threat and curse she ever cried ;
Whose tongue collected still fresh cause for blame.
Meanwhile, where, to the lovelier fairy's side
The passage lay across a straight, he came ;
And there an ancient ferryman espied
Put from the other shore with punctual aim,
As if forewarned and well prepared, the seer
Waited the coming of the cavalier.

XLIV.

The ferryman put forth the Child to meet,
To bear him to a better shore rejoicing : he
Appeared as all benign and all discreet,
If of the heart the face is warranty.
Giving God thanks, Rogero took his seat
Aboard the bark, and passed the quiet sea,
Discoursing with that ancient pilot, fraught
With wisdom, and by long experience taught.

XLV.

He praised Rogero much, that he had fled
In time from false Alcina, and before
To him the dame had given the chalice dread,
Her lover's final guerdon evermore.
Next that he had to Logistilla sped,
Where he should duly witness holy lore,
And beauty infinite and grace enjoy,
Which feed and nourish hearts they never cloy.

XLVI.

" Her shall you, struck with wonderment, revere,"
(He said), " when first you shall behold the fay ;
" But better contemplate her lofty cheer,
" And you no other treasure shall appay.
" In this her love from other differs ; fear
" And hope in other on the bosom prey :
" In hers Desire demands not aught beside,
" And with the blessing seen is satisfied.

XLVII.

" You shall in nobler studies be professed,
" Tutored by her, than bath and costly fare,
" Song, dance, and perfumes ; as how fashioned best,
" Your thoughts may tower more high than hawks
in air ;
" And how some of the glory of the blest
" You here may in the mortal body share¹⁹."
So speaking, and yet distant from the shore,
To the safe bank approached the pilot hoar.

XLVIII.

When he beholds forth-issuing from the strand,
A fleet of ships, which all towards him steer.
With these came wronged Alcina, with a band
Of many vassals, gathered far and near ;
To risk the ruin of herself and land,
Or repossess the thing she held so dear.
Love, no light cause, incites the dame aggrieved,
Nor less the bitter injury received.

XLIX.

Such choler she had never felt before
As that which now upon her bosom fed :
And hence she made her followers ply the oar
Till the white foam on either bank was shed
The deafening noise and din o'er sea and shore,
By echo every where repeated, spread.
“ Now—now, Rogero, bare the magic shield,
“ Or in the strife be slain, or basely yield :”

L.

Thus Logistilla's pilot ; and beside,
So saying, seized the pouch, wherein was dight
The buckler, and the covering torn aside,
Exposed to open view the shining light.
The enchanted splendor, flashing far and wide,
So sore offends the adversaries' sight,
They from their vessels drop amazed and blind,
Tumbling from prow before, and poop behind.

LI.

One who stood sentry on the citadel
Descried the navy of the invading dame,
And backwards rang the castle larum-bell,
Whence speedy succours to the haven came.
The artillery rained like storm, whose fury fell
On all who would Rogero scathe and shame :
So that such aid was brought him in the strife,
As saved the warrior's liberty and life.

LII.

Four ladies are arrived upon the strand,
Thither by Logistilla sped in haste :
Leagued with the valiant Andronica stand
Fronesia sage, Dicilla good, and chaste
Sofrosina, who, as she has in hand
More than the others, 'mid the foremost placed,
Conspicuous flames. Forth issues from the fort
A matchless host, and files towards the port.

LIII.

Beneath the castle, safe from wind and swell,
Of many ships and stout, a squadron lay ;
Which, in the harbour, at a sound from bell,—
A word, were fit for action, night or day ;
And thus by land and sea was battle, fell
And furious, waged on part of either fay :
Whence was Alcina's realm turned upside down,
Of which she had usurped her sister's crown.

LIV.

Oh! of how many battles the success
Is different from what was hoped before!
Not only failed the dame to repossess,
As thought, her lover flying from her shore,
But out of ships, ev'g'n now so numberless,
That ample ocean scarce the navy bore,
From all her vessels, to the flames a prey,
But with one bark escaped the wretched fay.

LV.

Alcina flies; and her sad troop around
Routed and taken, burnt or sunk, remains.
To have lost Rogero, sorrow more profound
Wakes in her breast than all her other pains;
And she in bitter tears for ever drowned,
Of the Child's loss by night and day complains;
And bent to end her woes, with many a sigh,
Often laments her that she cannot die.

LVI.

No fairy dies, or can, while overhead
The sun shall burn, or heavens preserve their stile,
Or Clotho had been moved to cut her thread,
Touched by such grief; or, as on funeral pile
Fair Dido, she beneath the steel had bled;
Or, haply, like the gorgeous Queen of Nile,
In mortal slumber would have closed her eye:
But fairies cannot at their pleasure die²⁰.

LVII.

Return we, where eternal fame is due,
Leaving Alcina in her trouble sore :
· I speak of valorous Rogero, who
Had disembarked upon the safer shore.
He turned his back upon the waters blue,
Giving God thanks for all with pious lore ;
And on dry ground now landed, made repair
Towards the lofty castle planted there.

LVIII.

Than this a stronger or more bright in show
Was never yet before of mortal sight,
Or after, viewed ; with stones the ramparts glow
More rich than carbuncle or diamond bright.
We of like gems discourse not here below,
And he who would their nature read aright
Must thither speed : none such elsewhere, I ween,
Except perhaps in heaven above, are seen.

LIX.

What gives to them superiority
O'er every other sort of gem, confessed,
Is, man in these his very soul may see ;
His vices and his virtues see expressed.
Hence shall he after heed no flattery,
Nor yet by wrongful censure be depressed.
His form he in the lucid mirror eyes,
And by the knowledge of himself grows wise.

LX.

Their rays, which imitate the sunshine, fill
All round about with such a flood of light,
That he who has them, Phœbus, may at will
Create himself a day, in thy despite.
Nor only marvellous the gems; the skill
Of the artificer and substance bright
So well contend for mastery, of the two,
'Tis hard to judge where preference is due.

LXI.

On arches raised, whereon the firmament
Seemed to repose as props, so fair in show
Are lovely gardens, and of such extent,
As even would be hard to have below.
Clustering 'twixt lucid tower or battlement,
Green odoriferous shrubs are seen to grow,
Which through the summer and the winter shoot,
And teem with beauteous blossom and ripe fruit.

LXII.

Never in any place such goodly tree
Is grown, except within these gardens fine;
Or rose, or violet of like quality,
Lilies, or amaranth, or jessamine.
Elsewhere it seems as if foredoomed to be
Born with one sun, to live and to decline,
Upon its widowed stalk the blossom dies,
Subject to all the changes of the skies.

LXIII.

But here the verdure still is permanent,
Still permanent the eternal blossoms are ;
Not that kind nature, in her government,
So nicely tempers here the genial air,
But that, unneeding any influence lent
By planet, Logistilla's zeal and care
Ever keep fast (what may appear a thing
Impossible) her own perpetual spring.

LXIV.

That such a gentle lord had sought her rest,
Did much the prudent Logistilla please,
And she commanded he should be carest,
And all should seek to do him courtesies.
Sometime had Sir Astolpho been her guest,
Whom with a joyful heart Rogero sees.
There in few days resorted all the crew,
Changed by Melissa to their shapes anew.

LXV.

When they a day or more their weariness
Had eased, Rogero sought the prudent fay ;
With him the duke Astolpho, who no less
Desired to measure back his western way.
Melissa was for both embassadress,
And for the warlike pair, with humble say
To favour, warn and help them, prayed the dame ;
So that they might return from whence they came.

LXVI.

“ I” (said the fay) “ will think upon this need,
“ And in two days the pair will expedite.”
Then thought how good Rogero she should speed,
And afterwards how aid the English knight*.
She wills the first shall, on the griffin-steed,
To the Aquitanian shores direct his flight;
But first will fashion for the flying-horse
A bit, to guide him and restrain his course.

LXVII.

She shows him what to do, if he on high
Would make him soar, or down to earth would bring;
And what, would he in circles make him fly,
Or swiftly speed, or pause upon the wing.
And all that skilful horsemen use to try
Upon plain ground, beneath her tutoring,
Rogero learned in air, and gained dominion
Over the griffin-steed of soaring pinion.

LXVIII.

When at all points Rogero was prepared,
He bade farewell to the protecting fay,
For ever to the loving knight endeared,
And issued from her realm upon his way.
I first of him, who on his journey fared
In happy hour, and afterwards shall say
Of the English knight, who spent more time and pain
Seeking the friendly court of Charlemagne.

* Astolpho.

LXIX.

Rogero thence departs; but as before
Takes not the way he took in his despite,
When him above the sea the courser bore,
And seldom was the land beneath in sight.
But taught to make him beat his wings and soar,
Here, there, as liked him best, with docile flight,
Returning, he another path pursued;
As Magi erst, who Herod's snare eschewed.

LXX.

Borne hither, good Rogero, leaving Spain,
Had sought, in level line, the Indian lands,
Where they are watered by the Eastern main;
Where the two fairies strove with hostile bands.
He now resolved to visit other reign
Than that where Æolus his train commands;
And finish so the round he had begun,
Circling the world beneath him like the sun.

LXXI.

Here he Catay, and there he Mangiane,
Passing the great Quinsay²¹ beheld; in air
Above Imavus turned, and Sericane
Left on the right; and thence did ever bear
From the north Scythians to the Hyrcanian main:
So reached Sarmatia's distant land; and, where
Europe and Asia's parted climes divide,
Russ, Prussian, he and Pomeranian spied.

LXXII.

Although the Child by every wish was pressed
Quickly to seek his Bradamant, yet he
With taste of roving round the world possest,
Would not desist from it, till Hungary
He had seen ; and Pölocks, Germans, and the rest
Should in his wide extended circuit see,
Inhabiting that horrid, northern land ;
And came at last to England's farthest strand.

LXXIII.

Yet think not, sir, that in so long a flight,
The warrior is for ever on the wing.
Who lodges, housed in tavern every night,
As best he can, through his capacious ring.
So nights and days he passes : such delight
Prospects to him, of land and ocean bring.
Arrived one morn' nigh London-town, he stopt ;
And over Thames the flying courser dropt.

LXXIV.

Where he in meadows to the city nigh
Saw troops of men at arms, and footmen spread ;
Who, to the drum and trumpet marching by,
Divided into goodly bands, were led
Before Rinaldo, flower of chivalry ;
He that (if you remember it) was said
To have been sent by Charlemagne, and made
His envoy to these parts in search of aid.

LXXV.

Rogero came exactly as the show

Of that fair host was made without the town,
And of a knight the occasion sought to know;
But from the griffin-horse first lighted down:
And he who courteous was, informed him how
Of kingdoms holding of the British crown,
English, Scotch, Irish, and the islands nigh,
Those many banners were, upreared on high:

LXXVI.

And added, ‘ Having ended this display

‘ Of arms, the troops would file towards the strand,
‘ Where vessels anchored in the harbour lay,
‘ Waiting to bear them to another land.
“ The French besieged, rejoice in this array,
“ And hope (he said) deliverance through the band.
“ But that I may of all inform you well,
“ I of each troop shall separately tell.

LXXVII.

“ Lo! where yon mighty banner planted stands,

“ Which pards and flower-de-luces does unfold.
“ That our great captain to the wind expands,
“ Under whose ensign are the rest enrolled:
“ The warrior’s name, renowned throughout these
lands,
“ Is Leonetto, flower of all the bold;
“ Lancaster’s duke, and nephew to the king,
“ Valiant in war, and wise in counselling.

LXXVIII. .

- “ That next the royal gonfalon, which stirred
“ By fluttering wind, is borne towards the mount,
“ Which on green field, three pinions of a bird
“ Bears argent, speaks Sir Richard, Warwick’s count²².
“ The Duke of Gloucester’s blazon is the third,
“ Two antlers of a stag, and demi-front;
“ The Duke of Clarence shows a torch, and he
“ Is Duke of York who bears that verdant tree.

LXXIX.

- “ Upon the Duke of Norfolk’s gonfalon
“ You see a lance into three pieces broke;
“ The thunder on the Earl of Kent’s; upon
“ Pembroke’s a griffin; underneath a yoke;
“ In Essex’s, conjoined, two snakes are shown:
“ By yonder lifted balance is bespoke
“ The Duke of Suffolk; and Northumbria’s Earl
“ A garland does on azure field unfurl.

LXXX.

- “ Arundel’s Earl is yonder cavalier,
“ Whose banner bears a foundering bark! In sight
“ The next, is Berkeley’s noble Marquis; near
“ Are March and Richmond’s Earls: the first on white
“ Shows a cleft mount; a palm the second peer;
“ A pine amid the waves the latter knight.
“ The next of Dorset and Southampton’s town,
“ Are earls; this bears a car, and that a crown.
- .

LXXXI.

- “ The valiant Raymond, Earl of Devon, bears
“ The hawk, which spreads her wings above her nest;
“ While or and sable he of Worcester wears:
“ Derby’s a dog, a bear is Oxford’s crest.
“ There, as his badge, a cross of chrystal rears
“ Bath’s wealthy prelate, camped among the rest.
“ The broken seat on dusky field, next scan,
“ Of Somerset’s good duke, Sir Ariman.

LXXXII.

- “ Forty-two thousand muster in array,
“ The men at arms and mounted archers there²³.
“ By a hundred I misreckon not, or they,
“ The fighting footmen, twice as many are.
“ Those ensigns yellow, brown, and green, survey,
“ And that striped blue and black. The foot repair
“ Each to his separate flag where these are spread;
“ By Godfrey, Henry, Hermant, Edward, led.

LXXXIII.

- “ The first is the Duke of Buckingham; and he,
“ The next, is Henry, Earl of Salisbury;
“ Old Hermant Aberga’nny holds in fee,
“ That Edward is the Earl of Shrewsbury.
“ In those who yonder lodge, the English see
“ Camped eastward; and now westward turn your eye,
“ Where you shall thirty thousand Scots, a crew
“ Led by their monarch’s son, Zerbino, view.

LXXXIV.

- “ The lion ’twixt two unicorns behold
“ Upon the standard of the Scottish king !
“ Which has a sword of silver in its hold.
“ There camps his son : of all his following
“ Is none so beauteous : nature broke the mould
“ In which she cast him, after fashioning
“ Her work : Is none in whom such chivalry
“ And valour shines. The Duke of Rothsay he²⁴!

LXXXV.

- “ Behold the Earl of Huntley’s flag display
“ Upon an azure field a gilded bar :
“ In that a leopard in the toils survey,
“ The bearing of the noble Duke of Mar²⁵.
“ With many birds, and many colours gay,
“ See Alcabrun’s, a valiant man in war ;
“ Who neither duke, nor count, nor marquis hight,
“ Is in his savage country first of right²⁶.

LXXXVI.

- “ The Duke of Strathforth²⁷ shows the bird, who strains
“ His daring eyes to keep the sun in view ;
“ The Earl Lurcanio, that in Angus reigns,
“ A bull, whose flanks are torn by deerhounds two.
“ See there the Duke of Albany, who stains
“ His ensign’s field with colours white and blue.
“ The Earl of Buchan next his banner bears,
“ In which a dragon *vert* a vulture tears.

LXXXVII.

- “ Herman, the lord of Forbes, conducts that band,
“ And stripes his gonfalon with black and white ;
“ With Ertol’s earl upon his better hand,
“ Who on a field of green displays a light.
“ Now see the Irish, next the level land,
“ Into two squadrons ordered for the fight.
“ Kildare’s redoubted earl commands the first ;
“ Lord Desmond leads the next, in mountains nursed.

LXXXVIII.

- “ A burning pine by Kildare is displayed ;
“ By Desmond on white field a crimson bend.
“ Nor only England, Scotland, Ireland, aid
“ King Charlemagne ; but to assist him wend
“ The Swede and Norse, and succours are conveyed
“ From Thulé, and the farthest Iceland’s end.
“ All lands that round them lie, in fine, increase
“ His host, by nature enemies to peace²⁸.

LXXXIX.

- “ Issued from cavern and from forest brown,
“ They sixteen thousand are, or little less ;
“ Visage, legs, arms, and bosom overgrown
“ With hair, like beasts. Lo ! yonder, where they press
“ About a standard white, the level down
“ Of lances seems a bristling wilderness.
“ Such Moray’s flag, the savage squadron’s head²⁹,
“ Who means with Moorish blood to paint it red.”

XC.

What time Rogero sees the fair array,
Whose bands to succour ravaged France prepare,
And notes and talks of ensigns they display,
And names of British lords, to him repair
One and another, crowding to survey
His courser, single of its kind, or rare :
All thither hasten, wondering and astound,
And compassing the warrior, form a round.

XCI.

So that to raise more wonder in the train,
And to make better sport, as him they eyed,
Rogero shook the flying courser's rein,
And lightly with the rowels touched his side :
He towards heaven, uprising, soared amain,
And left behind each gazer stupefied. •
Having from end to end the English force
So viewed, he next for Ireland shaped his course ;

XCII.

And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly, sainted elder made the cave³⁰,
In which men cleansed from all offences are ;
'Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save.
Thence o'er that sea he spurred, through yielding air,
Whose briny waves the lesser Britain lave ;
And, looking down, Angelica descried
In passing, to the rock with fetters tied ;

XCIII.

Bound to the naked rock upon the strand,
In the isle of tears ; for the isle of tears was hight,
That which was peopled by the inhuman band,
So passing fierce and full of foul despite ;
Who (as I told above) on every hand
Cruized with their scattered fleet by day or night ;
And every beauteous woman bore away,
Destined to be a monster's evil prey :

XCIV.

There but that morning bound in cruel wise ;
Where (to devour a living damsel sped)
The orc, that measureless sea-monster, hies,
Which on abominable food is fed.
How on the beach the maid became the prize
Of the rapacious crew, above was said,
Who found her sleeping near the enchanter hoar,
Who her had thither brought by magic lore.

XCV.

The cruel and inhospitable crew
To the voracious beast the dame expose
Upon the sea-beat shore, as bare to view
As nature did at first her work compose.
Not even a veil she has, to shade the hue
Of the white lily and vermillion rose,
Which mingled in her lovely members meet,
Proof to December-snow and July-heat.

XCVI.

Her would Rogero have some statue deemed
Of alabaster made, or marble rare,
Which to the rugged rock so fastened seemed
By the industrious sculptor's cunning care,
But that he saw distinct a tear which streamed
Amid fresh-opening rose and lily fair,
Stand on her budding paps beneath in dew,
And that her golden hair dishevelled flew³¹.

XCVII.

And as he fastened *his* on *her* fair eyes,
His Bradamant he called to mind again.
Pity and love within his bosom rise
At once, and ill he can from tears refrain:
And in soft tone he to the damsel cries,
(When he has checked his flying courser's rein)
"O lady, worthy but that chain to wear,
"With which Love's faithful servants fettered are³²,

XCVIII.

"And most unworthy this or other ill,
"What wretch has had the cruelty to wound
"And gall those snowy hands with livid stain,
"Thus painfully with griding fetters bound?"
At this she cannot choose but show like grain,
Of crimson spreading on an ivory ground³³;
Knowing those secret beauties are espied,
Which, howsoever lovely, shame would hide;

XCIX.

And gladly with her hands her face would hood,
Were they not fastened to the rugged stone³⁴;
But with her tears (for this at least she cou'd)
Bedewed it, and essayed to hold it down.
Sobbing some while the love'y damsel stood;
Then loosed her tongue and spake in feeble tone;
But ended not; arrested in mid-word,
By a loud noise which in the sea was heard.

C.

Lo! and behold! the unmeasured-beast appears,
Half surging and half hidden, in such sort
As sped by roaring wind long carack steers
From north or south, towards her destined port³⁵.
So the sea monster to his food repairs:
And now the interval between is short.
Half dead the lady is through fear endured,
Ill by that other's comfort reassured.

CI.

Rogero overhand, not in the rest
Carries his lance, and beats, with downright blow,
The monstrous orc. What this resembled best,
But a huge, writhing mass, I do not know;
Which wore no form of animal exprest,
Save in the head, with eyes and teeth of sow.
His forehead, 'twixt the eyes, Rogero smites,
But as on steel or rock the weapon lights.



CII.

When he perceives the first of no avail,
The knight returns to deal a better blow ;
The orc, who sees the shifting shadow sail
Of those huge pinions on the sea below³⁶,
In furious heat, deserts his sure regale
On shore, to follow that deceitful show .
And rolls and reels behind it, as it fleets.
Rogerö drops, and oft the stroke repeats.

CIII.

As eagle, that amid her downward flight,
Surveys amid the grass a snake unrolled,
Or where she smoothes upon a sunny height,
Her ruffled plumagè, and her scales of gold,
Assails it not where prompt with poisonous bite
To hiss and creep ; but with securer hold
Gripes it behind, and either pinion clangs,
Lest it should turn and wound her with its fangs³⁷;

CIV.

So the fell orc Rogerö does not smite
With lance or faulchion where the tushes grow,
But aims that 'twixt the ears his blow may light ;
Now on the spine, or now on tail below.
And still in time descends or soars upright,
And shifts his course, to cheat the veering foe :
But as if beating on a jasper block,
Can never cleave the hard and rugged rock.

CV.

With suchlike warfare is the mastiff vext
By the bold fly in August's time of dust³⁸,
Or in the month before or in the next,
This full of yellow spikes and that of must ;
For ever by the circling plague perplext,
Whose sting into his eyes or snout is thrust :
And oft the dog's dry teeth are heard to fall ;
But reaching once the foe, he pays for all.

CVI.

With his huge tail the troubled waves so sore
The monster beats, that they ascend heaven-high ;
And the knight knows not if he swim, or soar
Upon his feathered courser in mid sky ;
And oft were fain to find himself ashore :
For, if long time the spray so thickly fly,
He fears it so will bathe his hippogryph,
That he shall vainly covet gourd or skiff³⁹.

CVII.

He then new counsel took, and 'twas the best,
With other arms the monster to pursue ;
And lifting from his shield the covering vest,
To dazzle with the light his blasted view.
Landward towards the rock-chained maid he pressed,
And on her little finger, lest a new
Mischance should follow, slipt the ring, which brought
The enchantment of the magic shield to nought.

CVIII.

I say the ring, which Bradamant, to free
Roger, from Brunello's hand had rent,
And which, to snatch him from Alcina, she
Had next to India by Melissa sent.
Melissa (as before was said by me),
In aid of many used the instrument ;
And to Roger this again had born ;
By whom 'twas ever on his finger worn.

CIX.

He gave it now Angelica ; for he
Feared lest the buckler's light should be impaired,
And willed as well those beauteous eyes should be
Defended, which had him already snared.
Pressing beneath his paunch full half the sea,
Now to the shore the monstrous whale repaired ;
Firm stood Roger, and the veil undone,
Appeared to give the sky another sun.

CX.

He in the monster's eyes the radiance throws,
Which works as it was wont in other time.
As trout or grayling to the bottom goes
In stream, which mountaineer disturbs with lime ;
So the enchanted buckler overthrows
The orc, reversed among the foam and slime.
Roger here and there the beast astound
Still beats, but cannot find the way to wound.

CXI.

This while the lady begs him not to bray
Longer the monster's rugged scale in vain.
"For heaven's sake turn and loose me" (did she say,
Still weeping) "ere the orc awake again.
"Bear me with thee, and drown me in mid-way.
"Let me not this foul monster's food remain."
By her just plaint Rogero moved, forebore,
Untied the maid, and raised her from the shore.

CXII.

Upon the beach the courser plants his feet,
And goaded by the rowel, towers in air,
And gallops with Rogero in mid seat,
While on the croup behind him sate the fair;
Who of his banquet so the monster cheat;
For him too delicate and dainty fare.
Rogero turns and with thick kisses plies
The lady's snowy breast and sparkling eyes.

CXIII.

He kept no more the way, as he before
Proposed, for compassing the whole of Spain:
But stopt his courser on the neighbouring shore
Where lesser Britain runs into the main.
Upon the bank there rose an oakwood hoar,
Where Philomel for ever seemed to plain;
I' the middle was a meadow with a fountain,
And, at each end, a solitary mountain.

CXIV.

'Twas here the wishful knight first checked the rein,
And dropping in the meadow, made his steed
Furl, yet not shut so close, his wings again,
As he had spread them wide for better speed.
Down lights Rogero, and forbears with pain
From other leap ; but this his arms impede :
His arms impede ; a bar to his desire,
And he must doff them would he slake the fire.

CXV.

Now here, now there, confused by different thong,
Rogero did his shining arms undo :
Never the task appeared to him so long ;
For where he loosed one knot, he fastened two.
But, sir, too long continued is this song,
And haply may as well have wearied you ;
So that I shall delay to other time,
When it may better please, my tedious rhyme.

NOTES TO CANTO X.

1.

*The lover, eager his desires to speed,
Heaps promises and vows, aye prompt to swear,
What afterwards all winds disperse in air.*

Stanza v. lines 6, 7, 8.

For this obvious sentiment, we may say in the language of index makers, see Ovid *passim*.

2.

*for you, without
A lover, like uncultivated vine
Would be, that has no prop to wind about.*

Stanza ix. lines 2, 3, 4.

Ut vidua in nudo vitis quæ nascitur arvo
Nunquam se extollit, nunquam mitem educat uvam,
Sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus,
Jam jam contingit summâ radice flagellum,
Hanc nulli agricolæ, nulli accolluere juveni:
At si forte eadem est ulmo conjuncta marito,
Multi illam agricolæ, multi accolluere juveni.

CATULLUS.

3.

*Almighty God, how fallible and vain
Is human judgment, dimmed by clouds obscure!*

Stanza xv. lines 1 and 2.

Proh Superi, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent!

OVID, 4th Met.

4.

*Behind the land was left; and there to pine
Olympia, who yet slept the woods among.*

Stanza xx. lines 1 and 2.

In this part of the story, made up of Perseus and Andromeda, and Ariadne and Theseus, we more immediately recognise the abandonment of Ariadne, which besides the main incident of the tale, has, as we shall see, furnished Ariosto with many of his details.

5.

*Till from her gilded wheels the frosty rhine
Aurora upon earth beneath had flung;
And the old woe, beside the tumbling brine,
Lamenting, halcyons mournful descant sung.*

Stanza xx. lines 3, 4, 5, 6.

Tempus erat, vitreâ quo primum terra pruina
Spargitur, et tectæ fronde queruntur aves.

ARIADNE THESEO.

Here Ariosto has, I think, improved Ovid's description, by turning the woodland-birds into halcyons, whose appearance and plaintive cries seem to harmonize more happily with the scene.

The 'old woe,' lamented by them, was the catastrophe which

led to the transformation of Ceyx and Alcyone into halcyons. For Ceyx having been drowned in a tempest, and Alcyone having cast herself into the sea upon the body, the gods, compassionating their misfortune, we are told, operated this prodigy in their behalf.

6.

*When she, 'twixt sleep and waking, made a strain
To reach her loved Bireno, but in vain.*

Stanza xx. lines 7 and 8.

*She no one found; the dame her arm withdrew;
She tried again, yet no one found; she spread
Both arms, now here, now there, and sought anew;
Now either leg; but yet no better sped.
Fear banished sleep; she oped her eyes: in view
Was nothing: she no more her widowed bed
Would keep, but from the couch in fury sprung,
And headlong forth from the pavilion flung.*

Stanza xxi.

Here Ariosto has, by his addition of the lady's feeling for her lover with her legs, somewhat injured the extreme delicacy of the picture presented to us by Ovid. The Latin poet says, speaking as Ariadne:

“ Incertum vigilans, a somno languida movi
“ Thesea prensuras semisupina manus.
“ Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,
“ Perque torum moveo brachia; nullus erat.
“ Excussère metus somnum: conterrita surgo,
“ Membraque sunt viduo præcipitata toro.”

In questions of delicacy, indeed, Ariosto has offended more than once in this description; for he certainly need not have told us, in a preceding stanza, that Olympia slept as sound as a bear.

Indeed in comparing classical passages with his imitations, as we have just done, we shall almost as often find him injuring as improving his original. Thus in his beautiful comparison of the virgin to the rose, imitated from Catullus, whose lines are given in my notes to the first canto, we may observe an instance of unsuccessful as well as of successful alteration Ariosto's

unapproached by shepherd or by flock,

is much more delicate than Catullus's

Intonsus pecori, nullo contusus aratro.

But he has amplified his illustration injudiciously, and, after saying of the flower that

With this the wishful youth his bosom dresses,
With this the enamoured damsel braids her tresses,

he in the next stanza tells you it loses whatever favour it had found with heaven or man *as soon as plucked*.

7.

*And looked (the moon was shining) if she might
Discover any thing beside the shore;
Nor, save the shore, was any thing in sight.
She calls Bireno, and the caverns round,
Pitying her grief, Bireno's name rebound.*

Stanza xxii. lines 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

- " Luna fuit: specto si quid nisi littora cernam;
- " Quod videant oculi, nil nisi littus erat.
- " Et quoties ego te, toties locus ipse vocabat;
- " Ipse locus miseræ ferre volebat opus."

ARIADNE.

8.

*On the far shore there rose a rock; below
 Scooped by the breaker's beating frequently:
 The cliff was hollowed underneath, in show
 Of arch, and overhung the foaming sea.
 Olympia (MIND such vigour can bestow)
 Sprang up the frowning crest impetuously,
 And, at a distance, stretched by favouring gale,
 Thence saw her cruel lord's departing sail.*

Stanza xxiii.

*Saw it, or seemed to see: . . .

 and lies*

With face than snow more cold and white in hue.

Stanza xxiv. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

“—Scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.”

“Ascendo; vires animus dabat: atque ita latè

“Æquora prospectu metior alta meo.

“Inde ego (nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa)

“Vidi præcipiti carbosa tenta Noto:

“Ut vidi; aut etiam cum me vidisse putarem,

“Frigidior glacie semianimis fui.”

ARIADNE.

9.

*Where unavailing is the feeble note,
 She weeps and claps her hands in agony.*

Stanza xxv. lines 1 and 2.

Defoe, that true observer of nature, remarks, that every nation has its peculiar sound indicative of pain and grief, and, it may be added, that different ages have also different signs for expressing their emotions, which symbols appear to be purely conventional. Thus clapping of the hands, now a sign of pleasure and approbation, has been used as expressive of pain; and we read in Dante,

“ Diverse Lingue, orribili favelle,
 “ Parole di dolore, accenti d’ ira
 “ Voci alte e fioche e suon di man con elle.”

Infern. 3. ver. 25—28.

In Olympia’s accompanying her exclamation with sobs and action, however, Ariosto again found a model in Ovid’s *Ariadne*:

“ Hæc ego quod voci deerat plangore replebam:
 “ Verbera cum verbis mista fuere meis.”

Again, in the very words of her apostrophe to Theseus, the imitation is close; and is, indeed, close throughout, as the following examples will show.

10.

“ *Without its freight,*” she cries, “ *thy bark does float.*
 “ *Where, cruel, dost thou fly ?*”

Stanza xxv. lines 3 and 4.

“ Quo fugis ?” exclamo: “ scelerate, revertere, Theseu.
 “ Flecte ratem; numerum non habet illa suum.”

11.

*And she her raiment waving in her hand,
 Signs to the frigate to return to land.*

Stanza xxv. lines 7 and 8.

“ Candidaque imposui longæ velamina virgæ,
 “ Scilicet oblitos admonitura mei.”

12.

*Stretched on the bed, upon her face she lay,
 “ Last night in thee
 “ Together two found shelter,” did she say.
 “ Alas! why two together are not we
 “ At rising ?”*

Stanza xxvii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

. “ torum repeto qui nos acceperat ambos,
 “ Sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat.

- “ Incumbo, lachrymisque toro manante profusus,
 “ Pressimus (exclamo) te duo; redde duos.
 “ Venimus huc ambo: cur non discedimus ambo?”

9 13.

*Nor man I see, nor see I work, which shows
 That man inhabits in this isle; nor I
 See ship, in which (a refuge from my woes),
 Embarking, I from hence may hope to fly.
 nor any one to close
 My eyes, or give me sepulture, be by.*
 Stanza xxviii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- “ vacat insula cultu;
 “ Non hominum video, non ego facta boum.
 “ Omne latus terræ cingit mare, navita nusquam:
 “ Nulla per ambiguas nāvis itura vias.

 “ Nec mea quæ digitis lumina condant, erit.”

14.

*I live in terror, and appear to see
 Rough bear or lion issue even now,
 Or tiger from beneath the greenwood tree,
 Or other beast with teeth and claws: but how
 Can ever cruel beast inflict on me,
 O cruel beast, a fouler death than thou?*
 Stanza xxix. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- “ Jam jam venturos aut hâc aut suspicor illâc,
 “ Qui lanient avido viscera dente, lupos.
 “ Forsitan et fulvos tellus alat ista leones.
 “ Quis scit an hæc sævas tygridas insula habet?”

Reverting to the beginning of this epistle we shall find also what suggested the fifth and sixth lines of the stanza quoted last, in

“Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum.”

The difficulties also anticipated by Olympia in the XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII, and XXXIVth stanzas, where she asks whither she can go, if any ship should bear her off, are all of the same nature, and put precisely in the same manner as those enumerated by Ariadne. Thus,

“Finge dari comitesque mihi ventosque ratemque;

“Quid sequar? accessus terra paterna negat.

“Non ego te, Crete, centum digesta per urbes,

“Aspiciam, puero cognita terra Jovi, &c. &c. &c.”

15.

*Oh! may I but escape the wild corsair,
Nor taken be, and after sold for slave.*

Stanza xxxiii. lines 1 and 2.

“Tantum ne religer durâ captiva catenâ.”

16.

*Tossing her head with streaming tresses, run;
And seemed like maid beside herself, and who
Was by ten fiends possessed, instead of one.*

Stanza xxxiv. lines 2, 3, 4.

Here again we have a touch of the original picture spoiled by the exaggeration of the copy. Ovid makes Ariadne say:

“ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,

“Qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha Deo.”

But he had better have copied from Catullus.

17.

Nor less than real stone seemed stone to be.

Stanza xxxiv. line 8.

“*Quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.*”

OVID.

“*Saxea ut effigies bacchantis prospicit Evoc.*”

CATULLUS.

“*Quanto rectius hic!*”

18.

Reclined on Alexandrian carpets rare.

Stanza xxxvii. line 1.

As things often bear the name of the place from which they are received, and not of the country of which they are the production, articles imported from the East were usually called Alexandrian, when Alexandria was the channel through which flowed the commerce of Asia. For this see our chronicles and romances.

19.

*You shall in nobler studies be professed,
Tutored by her, than bath and costly fare,
Song, dance, and perfumes; as how fashioned best,
Your thoughts may tower more high than hawks in air;
And how some of the glory of the blest
You here may in the mortal body share.*

Stanza xlvii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Hitherto the allegory of the Furioso has (I think) justified what I have said respecting this machinery, as employed by Boiardo and Ariosto, in my introduction to the *Innamorato*. I mean that hitherto it has not been offensively intrusive, and has been always subservient to the objects of poetry. Once suppose the existence of fairies, and every thing about Alcina is natural. The same thing may be predicated of the servants and

domestic animals as of the mistress; and the falconer, hawk, dog, and hackney, equally please us in the happy colouring and coherence of the group; but what succeeds these pictures,

. “ which, daring to depart
“ From sober truth, are still to nature true,”

is of a different description, and Ariosto seems to have been seduced into this deviation from his better course by the popularity which Platonism still possessed among the learned in Italy, the spirit of which is embodied in the stanza upon which I am commenting. These doctrines are much too unreal to form part of a circumstantial narrative, the other portions of which, however marvellous; delight us by what may be called their poetical probability; and Logistilla, with her personified hand-maid virtues, Dicilla, &c. with their castle and armament, &c. are a sort of dream which we recognize as such, even while the vision is before our eyes. Spenser, writing in the spirit of his age, unfortunately made this part of the *Furioso* his model.

20.

But fairies cannot at their pleasure die.

Stanza lxxvi. line 8.

In the original,

“ Ma le fate morir sempre non pouno,”

which, being literally interpreted, means (as I conceive)

But the fairies cannot always die;

i. e. *cannot die when they will*. This is not, however, the sense in which the ancient commentators understand it, and the editor of the copy of the *Furioso*, from which I am translating, says, “ *Some noise was made by Nisielli about this expression: (Fu fatto qualche strepito dal Nisielli su questa espressione) the meaning of which is, ‘The fairies are always immortal.’*” I am at a loss however to know how the words can warrant such a construction as this, and a great living Italian authority justifies *that* which I have

adopted. Moreover, mine is in strict conformity with the ancient opinions of *Fatology* held during the middle ages, and is not at all at variance (with the peace of the commentators be it said) with the former assertion of the poet. He says: "No fairy dies or can," while the present heavenly system shall continue; but this does not exclude their dying, like the Scandinavian deities, at some remote period, and after some celestial revolution.

I am, however, considering the system of close translation which I have adopted, more afraid of being blamed for occasional departure from the strict observance of the rules I have proposed to myself than for an exact observance of them. But I will beg the reader to believe that where I do so, it is in preference of the idiomatic spirit of an expression to the literal meaning of the words. To revert to a late instance; Olympia, in canto ix. stanza xxiv. says,

Per un mal ch'lo patisco ne vo cento
 Patir (respondo) e far di tutto il resto.

This *far di tutto il resto*, I translate, "to hazard all," such being the real sense of the passage, which is a gamester's idiom, meaning to risque all for the sake of recovering what he had lost.

21.

Passing the great Quinsay, beheld in air.

Stanza lxxi. line 2.

Ariosto in this and a future passage, where he treats of Asiatic countries, seems to have grafted the discoveries of Marco Polo upon the map of Ptolemy.

22.

*That next the royal gonfalon, which stirred
 By fluttering wind, is borne towards the mount,
 Which on green field, three pinions of a bird
 Bears argent, speaks Sir Richard, Warwick's count.*

Stanza lxxviii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

In making out the English titles, I have been, I may venture to

say, more successful than my predecessors, because they have not even found a key to some of these in the Latin names of provinces or sees adopted by the poet. About some of my translations, where I have not had so good a guide, I am less confident; and those of my readers, who are not accustomed to Italian pronunciation, will probably be less confident of my skill as an interpreter, than I am myself. Such, for instance, referring to the list given of Scottish nobles, may dispute the translation of *il conte d'Ottonlet* into the Earl of Huntley. But if they will turn to Cooke's Voyage they will find an illustration of the Italian principle of naturalization of sounds, in the discovery that *Opano* was the Otaheitan name for Banks.

23.

The men at arms and mounted archers, &c.

Stanza lxxxii. line 2.

Those who have been taught that the strength of the ancient English armies consisted in their infantry, will be startled at the mention of mounted archers; but Ariosto is here perfectly right. The English archer (at least latterly) was mounted; but made use of his horse only as a vehicle, as originally was the practice of the dragoon, who, when in action, fought as a foot-soldier. The English archers, indeed, were the yeomanry of the country, and wholly unlike the naked rabble of peasants, who composed the infantry of the other European nations. Hence they were allowed one horse per man (as we find in Anderson's History of Commerce), and sixpence a day, at the time of the battle of Agincourt, being one half of the pay of the esquire or man at arms: an allowance which, notwithstanding the depreciation of money, continued to be the stipend of our foot-soldier till within these few years.

24.

The Duke of Rothsay he!

Stanza lxxxiv. line 8.

In the original *il duca di Roscia*, which may possibly mean Rosshire instead of Rothsay.

25.

*In that a leopard in the toils survey,
The bearing of the noble Duke of Mar.*

Stanza LXXXV. lines 3 and 4.

The original says,

*L' altra bandiera è del duca di Marra
Che nel travaglio porta il leopardo.*

Here too I may have mistaken the meaning of my text, which possibly means *a leopard at bay*; but tigers and leopards are often represented as netted in old Asiatic hunting-pieces on tapestry, and a *boar in the toils* is the armorial bearing of a British family.

26.

*With many birds, and many colours gay,
See Alcabrun's, a vallant man in war;
Who neither duke, nor count, nor marquis light,
Is in his savage country first of right.*

Stanza LXXXV. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

©

We have here a short but sufficiently precise description of the chieftain of a clan, whether highlander or borderer: for it is to be observed, that the southern provinces of Scotland, and indeed the neighbouring English counties, afforded the same examples of such a patriarchal species of authority. *This seems to have been clearly of Celtic origin: for the English and Scottish borders were, as well as the Highlands, peopled by a tribe of this race, the remnants of Arthur's kingdom, which extended as far as from North Wales to Cumberland in England, and the parallel counties in Scotland. The cause, however, of clanship being *maintained* in this line, as well as in the Highlands, is probably to be found in the analogous state of society presented by both districts. Such a custom as clanship would hardly be preserved in any country, after the necessity for it had

ceased. Now this *had* ceased under the increasing civilization of the other Celtic provinces; but was yet in force in those, whose pacification had been retarded by moral or physical accidents. In these, clanship was the best protection which could be had in a state of *neighbour warfare*.

It may excite surprise that no mention is any where made of the Highland garb, which might have been turned to some account in this picture; but it must be recollected that the Highlanders do not appear to have been much considered in the time of Ariosto; and indeed may be said to have first risen into consideration by the glorious part they played in Montrose's wars.

27.

The Duke of Strathforth, &c.

Stanza lxxxvi. line 1.

I have here been under the necessity of creating a dukedom. The original says, "Il duca di Trasfordia," which is clearly an Italianization of the Latin name of *Transforthia*, applied to a certain district of Scotland, i. e. the parts beyond Forth, for which *Albany* would be the exact equivalent, but which Ariosto has made another fief, and previously disposed of. I do not know, however, where the term is to be found except in a document belonging to the college of Glasgow, termed the rector's book, commencing about the year 1450. Here it is enjoined that the rector be chosen by four nations of the matriculated members; and of these, the third is entitled *Natio Transforthiana*, and described as including *omnes partes extra Fortham et Stirling et exteros*. Ariosto, who probably received his accounts of North Britain from Scottish students at Padua, appears to have confused the information which he had received from them. But that he, in his æra, should have been studious of such points appears to me infinitely more extraordinary, than that he should not have always duly sifted and separated the knowledge which he had acquired.

28.

By nature enemies to peace, &c.

Stanza lxxxviii. line 8.

This line, in the original,

“*Nemica naturalmente della pace,*”

is taken from Petrarch, who applies it to the northern nations.

29.

Such Moray's flag.

Stanza lxxxix. line 7.

In the original *Morato*. It is hardly necessary to observe, in opposition to the commentators, that these bearings and colours are fanciful.

30.

And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where

The goodly sainted elder made the cave.

Stanza xcii. lines 1 and 2.

St. Patrick was supposed to have made a cave, through which was a descent into purgatory for the living sinner, who was desirous of expiating his evil deeds while yet in the flesh; and in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh is a curious MS. metrical romance, entitled *Owain Miles*, which contains an account of all the dreadful trials which Sir Owen underwent with this view. Some extracts of this are given in Sir Walter Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

31.

Her would Rogero have some statue deemed

Of alabaster made, or marble rare,

Which to the rugged rock so fastened seemed

By the industrious sculptor's cunning care,

But that he saw distinct a tear which streamed

Amid fresh opening rose and lily fair,

Stand on her budding paps beneath in dew,

And that her golden hair dishevelled flew.

Stanza xcvi.

Quam simul ad duras religatam brachia cautes
Vidit Abantiades, nisi quod levis aura capillos
Moverat, et tepido manabant lumina fletu,
Marmoreum ratus esset opus.—OVID.

32.

*O lady, worthy but those chains to wear,
With which love's faithful servants fettered are.*

Stanza xcvii. lines 7 and 8.

So Ovid, in the same place :

*Non istis digna catenis,
Sed quibus inter se cupidi junguntur amantes.*

33.

*Like grain
Of crimson spreading on an ivory ground.*

Stanza xcvi. lines 5 and 6.

Was apparently suggested by Virgil's

*Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur.*

34.

*And gladly with her hands her face would hood,
Were they not fastened to the rugged stone.*

Stanza xcix. lines 1 and 2.

So Ovid.

*Manibusque modestos
Cēlasset vultus, si non religata fuisset.*

35.

*As sped by roaring wind long carack steers
From north or south towards her destined port.*

Stanza c. lines 3 and 4.

Again from Ovid,

*Ecce velut navis præfixo concita rostro
Sulcat aquas, juvenum sudantibus acta lacertis.*

36.

*The orc, who sees the moving shadow sail
Of those huge pinions on the sea below.*

Stanza cii. lines 3 and 4.

Et in æquore summo

Umbra viri visa est; visam fera sævit in umbram.

OVID.

37.

*As eagle, that amid her downward flight,
Beholds amid the grass a snake unrolled,
Or where she smooths upon a sunny height
Her ruffled plumage, and her scales of gold,
Assails it not where prompt with poisonous bite
To hiss and creep, but with securer hold
Gripes it behind, and either pinion clangs,
Lest it should turn and wound her with its fangs.*

Stanza ciii.

Utque Jovis præpes vacuo cum vidit in arvo
Præbentem Phœbo liventia terga draconem,
Occupat aversum, et neu sæva retorqueat ora
Squamigeris avidos figit cervicibus ungues.

OVID.

38.

*With suchlike warfare is the mastiff vext
By the bold fly.*

Stanza cv. lines 1 and 2.

Notwithstanding the example of Pope, who has changed a fly into a hornet, for the more 'dignifying of the matter,' as Master Matthew phrases it, I have ventured to call a fly a fly. In a note, which shows how much Pope was influenced by the taste of his times, he apologises for the change, and it is to be regretted that so many such sacrifices were ex-

torted from this admirable poet. What (to return to that before us) can be more ridiculous than the substitution of a hornet, whose attack is short and severe, for Homer's fly, by whose restless importunity, weak agent as it was, he intended to illustrate the sort of vexatious and persevering hostility which was to be waged by Menelaus against Hector?

This note may come in support of some observations, which I have risked, in a former comment upon the infidelity of our most popular translators.

39.

That he shall vainly covet gourd or skiff.

Stanza cvi. line last.

In the original,

Che brami in vano avere o zucca o schifo.

Gourds were apparently in Ariosto's time used in Italy for the same purpose as corks are at present by us.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XI.

ARGUMENT.

*Assisted by the magic ring she wears,
Angelica vanishes from view.
Next in a damsel, whom a giant bears
Beneath his arm, his bride Rogero true
Beholds. Orlando to the shore repairs,
Where the fell orc so many damsels slew ;
Olympia flies, and spoils the beast of life :
Her afterwards Oberto takes to wife.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XI.

I.

ALTHOUGH a feeble rein, in mid career,
Will oft suffice to stop courageous horse ;
'Tis seldom Reason's bit will serve to steer
Desire, or turn him from his furious course,
When pleasure is in reach : like headstrong bear,
Whom from the honeyed meal 'tis ill to force,
If once he scent the tempting mess, or sup
A drop, which hangs upon the luscious cup.

II.

What reason then Rogero shall withhold
From taking with Angelica delight,—
That gentle maid, there naked in his hold,
In the lone forest, and secure from sight ?
Of Bradamant he thinks not, who controlled
His bosom erst : and foolish were the knight,
If thinking of *that* damsel as before,
By *this* he had not set an equal store ;

III.

Warmed by whose youthful beauties, the severe
Xenocrates would not have been more chaste¹.
The impatient Child had dropt both shield and spear,
And hurrying now his other arms uncased ;
When, casting down her eyes in shame and fear,
The virtuous ring upon her finger placed,
Angelica descried, and which of yore
From her Brunello in Albracca bore.

IV.

This is the ring she carried into France²,
When thither first the damsel took her way ;
With her the brother, bearer of the lance,
After, the paladin, Astolpho's prey.
With this she Malagigi's spells and trance
Made vain by Merlin's stair ; and on a day
Orlando freed, with many knights and good,
From Dragontina's cruel servitude :

V.

With this passed viewless from the turret-cell,
Where her that bad old man had mewed ; but why
Recount its different wonders, if as well
You know the virtues of the ring as I ?
From her this even in her citadel,
His monarch Agramant to satisfy,
Brunello took : since when she had been crost
By Fortune, till her native realm was lost.

VI.

Now that she this upon her hand surveys,
She is so full of pleasure and surprise,
She doubts it is a dream, and, in amaze,
Hardly believes her very hand and eyes.
Then softly to her mouth the hoop conveys,
And, quicker than the flash which cleaves the skies,
From bold Rogero's sight her beauty shrowds,
As disappears the sun, concealed in clouds.

VII.

Yet still Rogero gazed like wight distraught,
And hurried here and there with fruitless speed:
But when he had recalled the ring to thought,
Foiled and astounded, cursed his little heed.
And now the vanished lady, whom he sought,
Of that ungrateful and discourteous deed
Accusing stood, wherewith she had repaid,
(Unfitting recompense) his generous aid.

VIII

"Ungrateful damsel! and is this the pay
"You render for the service done?" (said he)
"Why rather would you steal my ring away
"Than have it as a welcome gift from me?
"Not only this, (but use me as you may)
"I, and my shield and courser, yours shall be;
"So you no more conceal your beauteous cheer.
"Cruel, though answering not, I know you hear."

IX.

So saying, like one blind, with bootless care,
Feeling his way about the fount he strayed.
How often he embraced the empty air,
Hoping in this to have embraced the maid !
Meanwhile, now far removed, the flying fair
Had halted not, till to a cave conveyed.
Formed in a mountain was that harbour rude ;
Spacious, and for her need supplied with food.

X.

'Twas here an aged herdsman, one who tended
A numerous troop of mares, had made his won :
These, seeking pasture, through the valley wended,
Where the green grass was fed by freshening run :
While stalls on either side the cave, defended
His charge from the oppressive noon-tide sun ;
Angelica, within, that livelong day,
Unseen of prying eyes, prolonged her stay ;

XI.

And about evening, when refreshed with rest
And food, she deemed her course she might renew ;
In certain rustic weeds her body dressed :
How different from those robes of red, or blue,
Green, yellow, purple, her accustomed vest,
So various in its fashion, shape, and hue !
Yet her not so that habit misbecame,
But that she looked the fair and noble dame.

XII.

Then Phillis' and Neæra's praise forbear,
And ye who sing of Amaryllis cease,
Or flying Galatæa³, not so fair,
Tityrus and Melibæus, with your peace !
'Twas here the beauteous lady took a mare,
Which liked her best, of all that herd's increase.
Then, and then first conceived the thought, again
To seek in the Levant her antient reign.

XIII.

This while Rogero, after he had passed
Long space in hope the maid might re-appear,
Awakened from his foolish dream at last,
And found she was not nigh, and did not hear.
Then to remount his griffin-courser cast,
In earth and air accustomed to career.
But, having slipt his bit, the winged horse
Had towered and soared in air a freer course.

XIV.

To his first ill addition grave and sore
Was to have lost the bird of rapid wing,
Which he no better than the mockery bore
Put on him by the maid ; but deeper sting
Than this or that, implants, and pains him more,
The thought of having lost the precious ring ;
Not for its power so much, esteemed above
Its worth, as given him by his lady-love.

XV.

Afflicted beyond measure, he, with shield
Cast on his shoulder, and new-cased in mail,
Left the sea-side, and through a grassy field
Pursued his way, towards a spacious vale :
Where he beheld a path, by wood concealed,
The widest and most beaten in the dale.
Nor far had wound the closest shades within,
Ere on his right he heard a mighty din.

XVI.

He heard a din, and fearful clashing sound
Of arms, and hurrying on with eager pace
'Twixt tree and tree, two furious champions found,
Waging fierce fight in close and straightened place :
Who to each other (warring on what ground
I know not) neither showed regard nor grace.
The one a giant was of haughty cheer,
And one a bold and gallant cavalier.

XVII.

Covered with shield and sword, one, leaping, sped
Now here now there, and thus himself defended,
Lest a two-handed mace upon his head
Should fall, with which the giant still offended :—
On the field lay his horse, already dead.
Rogeró paused, and to the strife attended :
And straight his wishes leant towards the knight,
Whom he would fain see conqueror in the fight :

XVIII.

Yet not for this would lend the champion aid,
But to behold the cruel strife stood nigh.
Lo! a two-handed stroke the giant made
Upon the lesser warrior's casque, and by
The mighty blow the knight was overlaid:
The other, when astound he saw him lie,
To deal the foe his death, his helm untied,
So that the warrior's face Rogero spied.

XIX.

Of his sweet lady, of his passing fair,
And dearest Bradamant Rogero spies
The lovely visage, of its helmet bare;
Towards whom, to deal her death, the giant hies:
So that, advancing with his sword in air,
To sudden battle him the Child defies.
But he, who will not wait for new alarm,
Takes the half-lifeless lady in his arm,

XX.

And on his shoulder flings and bears away;
As sometimes wolf a little lamb will bear,
Or eagle in her crooked claws convey
Pigeon, or such-like bird, through liquid air⁴.
Rogero runs with all the speed he may,
Who sees how needed is his succour there.
But with such strides the giant scours the plain,
Him with his eyes the knight pursues with pain.

XXI.

This flying and that following, the two
Kept a close path which widened still, and they
Piercing that forest, issued forth to view
On a wide meadow, which without it lay.
—No more of this. Orlando I pursue,
That bore Cymosco's thunder-bolt away;
And this had in the deepest bottom drowned,
That never more the mischief might be found.

XXII.

But with small boot: for the impious enemy
Of human nature, taught the bolt to frame,
After the shaft, which darting from the sky
Pierces the cloud and comes to ground in flame,
Who, when he tempted Eve to eat and die
With the apple, hardly wrought more scathe and
shame,
Some deal before, or in our grandsires' day,
Guided a necromancer where it lay.

XXIII.

More than a hundred fathom buried so,
Where hidden it had lain a mighty space,
The infernal tool by magic from below
Was fished and born amid the German race;
Who, by one proof and the other, taught to know
Its powers, and he who plots for our disgrace,
The demon, working on their weaker wit,
At last upon its fatal purpose hit.

XXIV.

To Italy and France⁵, on every hand
The cruel art among all people past :
And these the bronze in hollow mould expand,
First in the furnace melted by the blast :
Others the iron bore, and small or grand,
Fashion the various tube they pierce or cast.
And bombard, gun, according to its frame,
Or single cannon this, or double, name.

XXV.

This saker, culverine, or falcon⁶ hight,
I hear (all names the inventor has bestowed) ;
Which splits or shivers steel and stone outright,
And, where the bullet passes, makes a road.
—Down to the sword, restore thy weapons bright,
Sad soldier, to the forge, a useless load ;
And gun or carbine on thy shoulder lay,
Who without these, I wot, shalt touch no pay.

XXVI.

How, foul and pestilent discovery,
Didst thou find place within the human heart ?
Through thee is martial glory lost, through thee
The trade of arms become a worthless art :
And at such ebb are worth and chivalry,
That the base often plays the better part.
Through thee no more shall gallantry, no more
Shall valour prove their prowess as of yore.

XXVII.

Through thee, alas! are dead, or have to die,
So many noble lords and cavaliers
Before this war shall end, which, Italy
Afflicting most, has drowned the world in tears,
That, if I said the word, I err not, I,
Saying be sure the cruellest appears
And worst, of nature's impious and malign,
Who did this hateful engine first design :

XXVIII.

And I shall think, in order to pursue
The sin for ever, God has doomed to hell
That cursed soul, amid the unhappy crew,
Beside the accursed Judas there to dwell.
But follow we the good Orlando, who
So burns to seek Ebuda's island fell,
Whose foul inhabitants a monster sate
With flesh of women, fair and delicate.

XXIX.

But no less slow than eager was the knight :
The winds appear, which still his course delay ;
Who, whether blowing on the left or right,
Or poop, so faintly in his canvas play,
His bark makes little speed ; and, spent outright,
The breeze which wafts her sometimes dies away,
Or blows so foul, that he is fain to steer
Another course, or to the leeward veer.

XXX.

It was the will of Heaven that he, before
The King of Ireland, should not reach the land,
That he with greater ease upon that shore
Might act what shortly you shall understand.
“ Make for the islè. Now” (said he) “ may’st thou
moor,”
(Thus issuing to the pilot his command),
“ And give me for my need the skiff; for I
“ Will to the rock without more company.

XXXI.

“ The biggest cable that thou hast aboard,
“ And biggest anchor to my hands consign;
“ Thou shalt perceive why thus my boat is stored,
“ If I but meet that monster of the brine.”
He bade them lower the pinnacle overboard,
With all things that befitted his design:
His arms he left behind, except his blade,
And singly for the rocky island made.

XXXII.

Home to his breast the count pulls either oar,
With the island at his back, to which he wends,
In guise that, crawling up the sandy shore,
The crooked crab from sea or marsh ascends.
It was the hour Aurora gay before
The rising sun her yellow hair extends
(His orb as yet half-seen, half-hid from sight)
Not without stirring jealous Tithon’s spite.

XXXIII.

Approaching to the naked rock as near
As vigorous hand might serve to cast a stone,
He knew not if he heard, or did not bear
A cry, so faint and feeble was the moan.
When, turning to the left, the cavalier,
His level sight along the water thrown,
Naked as born, bound to a stump, espied
A dame whose feet were wetted by the tide. *

XXXIV.

Because she distant is, and evermore
Holds down her face, he ill can her discern :
Both sculls he pulls amain, and nears the shore,
With keen desire more certain news to learn :
But now the winding beach is heard to roar,
And wood and cave the mighty noise return ;
The billows swell, and, lo ! the beast ! who pressed,
And nigh concealed the sea beneath his breast⁷.

XXXV.

As cloud from humid vale is seen to rise,
Pregnant with rain and storm, which seems withal
To extinguish day, and charged with deeper dyes
Than night, to spread throughout this earthly ball,
So swims the beast, who so much occupies
Of sea, he may be said to keep it all⁸.
Waves roar : collected in himself, the peer
Looks proudly on, unchanged in heart and cheer.

XXXVI.

He, as one well resolved in his intent,
Moved quickly to perform the feat he planned;
And, for he would the damsel's harm prevent,
And would with that assail the beast at hand,
Between her and the orc the boat he sent,
Leaving within the sheath his idle brand.
Anchor and cable next he takes in hold,
And waits the foe with constant heart and bold.

XXXVII.

As soon as him the monster has descried,
And skiff at little interval, his throat
The fish, to swallow him, expands so wide,
That horse and horseman through his jaws might float.
Here Roland with the anchor, and beside
(Unless I am mistaken) with the boat
Plunged, and engulphed the parted teeth betwixt,
His anchor in the tongue and palate fixt;

XXXVIII.

So that the monster could no longer drop
Or raise his horrid jaws, which this extends.
'Tis thus who digs the mine is wont to prop
The ground, and where he works the roof suspends,
Lest sudden ruin overwhelm him from atop,
While he incautiously his task intends.
Roland (so far apart was either hook)
But by a leap could reach the highest crook.

XXXIX.

The prop so placed, Orlando now secure
That the fell beast his mouth no more can close,
Unsheathe his sword, and, in that cave obscure,
Deals here and there, now thrusts, now trenchant blows.
As well as citadel, whose walls^cimmure
The assailants, can defend her from her foes,
The monster, harassed by the war within,
Defends himself against the Paladin.

XL.

Now floats the monstrous beast, o'ercome with pain,
Whose scaly flanks upon the waves expand;
And now descends into the deepest main,
Scowrs at the bottom, and stir^s up the sand.
The rising flood ill able to sustain,
The cavalier swims forth, and makes for land.
He leaves the anchor fastened in^this tongue,
And grasps the rope which from the anchor hung.

XLI.

So swimming till the island is attained,
With this towards the rock Orlando speeds:
He haws the anchor home (a footing gained),
Pricked by whose double fluke, the monster bleeds.
The labouring orc to follow is constrained,
Dragged by that force which every force exceeds;
Which at a single sally more achieves
Than at ten turns the circling windlass heaves.

XLII.

As a wild bull, about whose horn is wound
The unexpected noose, leaps here and there,
When he has felt the cord, and turns him round,
And rolls and rises, yet slips not the snare;
So from his pleasant[?] seat and ancient bound,
Dragged by that arm and rope he cannot tear,
With thousands of strange wheels and thousand slides,
The monster follows where the cable guides.

XLIII.

This the red sea with reason would be hight
To-day, such streams of blood have changed its hue;
And where the monster lashed it in his spite,
The eye its bottom through the waves might view.
And now he splashed the sky, and dimmed the light
Of the clear sun, so high the water flew.
The noise re-echoing round, the distant shore
And wood and hill rebound the deafening roar.

XLIV.

Forth from his grotto aged Proteus hies,
And mounts above the surface at the sound;
And having seen Orlando dive, and rise
From the orc, and drag the monstrous fish to ground,
His scattered flock forgot, o'er ocean flies;
While so the din increases, that, astound,
Neptune bids yoke his dolphins, and that day
For distant Æthiopia posts away⁹.

XLV.

With Melicerta on her shoulders, weeping
Ino¹⁰, and Nereids with dishevelled hair,
The Glauci, Tritons, and their fellows, leaping
They know not whither, speed, some here, some there.
Orlando draws to land, the billows sweeping,
That horrid fish, but might his labour spare :
For, with the torment worn, and travel sore,
The brute, exhausted, died, ere dragged ashore.

XLVI.

Of the islanders had trooped no petty throng,
To witness that strange fight, who by a vain
And miserable superstition stung,
Esteemed such holy deed a work profane ;
And said ‘ that this would be another wrong
‘ To Proteus, and provoke his ire again ;
‘ Make him his herds pour forth upon the strand,
‘ And with the whole old warfare vex the land ;

XLVII.

‘ And that it better were to sue for peace,
‘ First from the injured god, lest worse ensue ;
‘ And Proteus from his cruel hate would cease,
‘ If they into the sea the offender threw.’
As torch to torch gives fire, and lights increase,
Until the flame is spread the country through,
Even so from heart to heart the fury spread,
Which in the waves would doom Orlando dead.

XLVIII.

These, armed with sling or bow, upon the shore,
And these supplied with spear or sword descend;
And on each side, behind him and before,
Distant and near, as best they can, offend.
At such a brutal insult wonders sore
The peer, who sees that mischief they intend,
In vengeance for the cruel monster slain,
Whence he had glory hoped, and praise to gain.

XLIX.

But as the usage is of surly bear,
By sturdy Russ or Lithuanian led,
Little to heed the dogs in crowded fair,
Nor even at their yelps to turn his head,
The clamour of the churls assembled there
Orlando witnessed with as little dread;
Who knew that he the rout which threatened death,
Had power to scatter at a single breath :

L.

And speedily he made them yield him place,
When, turned on them, he grasped his trenchant blade.
Misjudging of his worth, the foolish race
Deemed that he would have short resistance made;
Since him they saw no covering buckler brace,
Uncuirassed, nor in other arms arrayed;
But knew not that, from head to foot, a skin
More hard than diamond cased the Paladin.

LI.

What by Orlando others cannot do,
The knight by others can : at half a score
Of blows in all he thirty killed ; by few
He passed that measure, if the strokes were more :
And had already turned him to undo
The naked lady, having cleared the shore,
When other larum sounds, and other cries
From a new quarter of the island rise.

LII.

While so the Paladin had kept in play
The barbarous islanders, upon that hand,
The men of Ireland, without let or fray,
Had poured from many quarters on the strand :
And now, without remorse or pity, slay
The inhabitants, through all the wasted land ;
And, was it justice moved, or cruel rage,
Slaughter without regard to sex or age.

LIII.

Little or no defence the island-crew
Attempt ; in part as taken unaware,
In part that in the little place are few,
And that those few without a purpose are.
'Mid sack and fire, the wasted country through,
The islanders are slain, and everywhere
The walls are upon earth in ruin spread,
Nor in the land is left a living head.

LIV.

As if the mighty tumult which he hears,
And shriek and ruin had concerned him nought,
The naked rock the bold Orlando nears,
Where SHE was placed, to feed the monster brought.
He looks, and known to him the dame appears,
And more appears, when nigher her he sought:
Olympia she appears, and is indeed
Olympia, whose faith reaped so ill a meed".

LV.

Wretched Olympia; whom, besides the scorn
Which Love put on her, Fortune too pursued,
Who sent the corsairs fell, which her had born
That very day to the island of Ebude.
She Roland recollects on his return
Landward; but, for the damsel naked stood,
Not only nought she to the warrior said,
But dared not raise her eyes, and dropt her head.

LVI.

Orlando asks what evil destiny
Her to that cruel island had conveyed
From where she in as much felicity
Was with her consort left as could be said:
" I know not (cried the weeping dame) if I
" Have thanks to render thee for death delayed,
" Or should lament me that, through means of thee,
" This day did not my woes concluded see.

LVII.

“ I have to thank thee that from death, too dread
“ And monstrous, thy good arm deliverance gave ;
“ Which would have been too monstrous, had I fed
“ The beast, and in his belly found a grave :
“ But cannot thank thee that I am not dead,
“ Since death alone can me from misery save.
“ Well shall I thank thee for that wished relief,
“ Which can deliver me from every grief.”

LVIII.

Next she related, with loud sobs and sighs,
How her false spouse betrayéd her as she lay
Asleep, and how of pirates made the prize,
They bore her from the desert isle away.
And, as she spake, she turned her in the guise
Of Dian, framed by artists, who pourtray
Her carved or painted, as in liquid font
She threw the water in Actæon's front.

LIX.

For, as she can, her waist she hides, and breast,
More liberal of her flowing flank and reins.
Roland desires his ship, to find a vest
To cover her, delivered from her chains :
While he is all intent upon this quest,
Oberto comes ; Oberto, he that reigns
O'er Ireland's people ¹², who had understood
How lifeless lay the monster of the flood ;

LX.

And, swimming, how, amid the watery roar,
A knight a weighty anchor in his throat
Had fix'd, and so had dragged him to the shore,
As men against the current track a boat.
This while Oberto comes; who, if his lore,
Who told the tale, were true, desires to note;
While his invading army, far and wide,
Ebuda burn and waste on every side.

LXI.

Oberto, though the Paladin to sight
Was dripping, and with water foul and gore;
With gore, that from the orc, emerged to light,
Whom he had entered bodily, he bore,
He for the county knew the stranger knight
As he perused his face; so much the more,
That he had thought when told the tidings, none
Save Roland could such mighty feat have done;

LXII.

Knew him, because a page of honour he
Had been in France¹³, and for the crown, his right
Upon his father's death, had crossed the sea
The year before. So often he the knight
Had seen, and had with him held colloquy;
Their times of meeting had been infinite.
He doffed his casque, with festive welcome pressed
Towards the count, and clasped him to the breast.

LXIII.

Orlando is no less rejoiced to see

The king, than is the king that champion true.
After with friendly cheer and equal glee
Had once or twice embraced the noble two,
To Oberto Roland told the treachery
Which had been done the youthful dame, and who
Had done it,—false Bireno—that among
All men should least have sought to do her wrong.

LXIV.

To him he told the many proofs and clear

By which the dame's affection had been tried;
And how she for Bireno kin and geer
Had lost, and would in fine for him have died.
And how he this could warrant, and appear
To vouch for much, as witness on her side.
While thus to him her griefs Orlando showed,
The lady's shining eyes with tears o'erflowed.

LXV.

Her face was such as sometimes in the spring

We see a doubtful sky, when on the plain
A shower descends, and the sun, opening
His cloudy veil, looks out amid the rain.
And as the nightingale then loves to sing
From branch of verdant stem her dulcet strain,
So in her beauteous tears his pinions bright
Love bathes, rejoicing in the chrystal light.

LXVI.

The stripling heats his golden arrow's head
At her bright eyes, then slacks the weapon's glow
In streams, which fall between white flowers and red ;
And, the shaft tempered, strongly draws his bow,
And roves at him, o'er whom no shield is spread,
Nor iron rind, nor double mail below ;
Who, gazing on her tresses, eyes, and brow,
Feels that his heart is pierced, he knows not how.

LXVII.

Olympia's beauties are of those most rare,
Nor is the forehead's beauteous curve alone
Excellent, and her eyes and cheeks and hair
Mouth, nose, and throat, and shoulders ; but, so down
Descending from the lady's bosom fair,
Parts which are yont to be concealed by gown,
Are such, as haply should be placed before
Whate'er this ample world contains in store.

LXVIII.

In whiteness they surpassed unsullied snow,
Smooth ivory to the touch : above were seen
Two rounding paps, like new-pressed milk in show,
Fresh-taken from its crate of rushes green¹⁴ ;
The space betwixt was like the valley low,
Which oftentimes we see small hills between,
Sweet in its season ; and now such as when
Winter with snows has newly filled the glen.

LXIX.

The swelling hips and haunches' symmetry,
The waist more clear than mirror's polished grain,
And members seem of Phidias' turnery,
Or work of better hand and nicer pain.
As well to you of other parts should I
Relate, which she to hide desired in vain.
To sum the beauteous whole, from head to feet,
In her all loveliness is found complete.

LXX.

And had she in the Idæan glen unveiled
In ancient days before the Phrygian swain,
By how much heavenly Venus had prevailed
I know not, though her rivals strove in vain.
Nor haply had the youth for Sparta sailed,
To violate the hospitable reign ;
But said ; " With Menelaüs let Helen rest !
" No other prize I seek, of this possess ;"

LXXI.

Or in Crotona dwelt, where the divine
Zeuxis in days of old his work projected,
To be the ornament of Juno's shrine,
And hence so many naked dames collected ;
And in one form perfection to combine,
Some separate charm from this or that selected,
He from no other model need have wrought,
Since joined in her were all the charms he sought.

LXXII.

I do not think Bireno ever viewed
Naked that beauteous form ; for sure it were
He never could have been so stern of mood,
As to have left her on that desert lair.
That Ireland's king was fired I well conclude,
Nor hid the flame that he within him bare.
He strives to comfort her, and hope instill, '
That future good shall end her present ill :

LXXIII.

And her to Holland promises to bear,
And vows till she is to her state restored,
And just and memorable vengeance there
Achieved upon her ^{per}jured, traitor lord,
He never will unceasing war forbear,
Waged with all means that Ireland can afford ;
And this with all ^{his} speed. He, up and down,
Meantime bids seek for female vest and gown.

LXXIV.

Nor will it need to send in search of vest
Beyond the savage island's narrow bound,
Since thither every day in such came dressed,
Some dame, to feed the beast, from countries round.
Nor long his followers there pursued the quest,
Ere many they of various fashion found.
So was Olympia clothed ; while sad of mood
Was he, not so to clothe her as he wou'd,

LXXV.

But never silk so choice or gold so fine
Did the industrious Florentine prepare,
Nor whosoever broiders gay design,
Though on his task he spent time, toil, and care,
Nor Lemnos' god, nor Pallas' art divine,
Form raiment worthy of those limbs so fair,
That King Oberto cannot choose but he
Recalls them at each turn to memory.

LXXVI.

To see that love so kindled by the dame,
On many grounds Orlando was content ;
Who not alone rejoiced that such a shame
Put upon her, Bireno should repent ;
But, that in the design on which he came,
He should be freed from grave impediment.
Not for Olympia thither had he made,
But, were his lady there, to lend her aid.

LXXVII.

To him, that there she was not, soon was clear,
But clear it was not if she had been there,
Or no ; since of those islesmen, far and near,
One was not left the tidings to declare.
The following day they from the haven steer,
And all united in one squadron fare.
The Paladin with them to Ireland hies,
From whence to France the warrior's passage lies.

LXXVIII.

Scarcely a day in Ireland's realm he spends:
And for no prayers his purposed end forbore:
Love, that in quest of his liege-lady sends
The knight upon this track, permits no more.
Departing, he Olympia recommends
To the Irish monarch, who to serve her swore:
Although this needed not; since he was bent
More than behoved, her wishes to content:

LXXIX.

So levied in few days his warlike band,
And (league with England's king and Scotland's made)
In Holland and in Friesland left no land
To the false duke, "so rapid was the raid.
And to rebel against that lord's command
His Zealand stirred; nor he the war delayed,
Until by him Bireno's blood was spilt:
A punishment that ill atoned his guilt.

LXXX.

Oberto takes to wife Olympia fair,
And her of countess makes a puissant queen¹³.
But be the Paladin again our care,
Who furrows, night and day, the billows green,
And strikes his sails in the same harbour, where
They to the wind erewhile unfurled had been.
All armed, he on his Brigliadoro leaps,
And leaves behind him winds and briny deeps.

LXXXI.

The remnant of the winter, he with shield
And spear achieved things worthy to be shown,
I ween ; but these were then so well concealed,
It is no fault of mine they are not blown ;
For good Orlando was in fighting field,
Prompter to do, than make his prowess known.
Nor e'er was bruited action of the knight,
Save when some faithful witness was in sight.

LXXXII.

That winter's remnant he so passed that feat,
Of his was known not to the public ear ;
But when within that animal discreet
Which Phryxus¹⁶ bore, the sun illumed the sphere,
And Zephyrus returning glad and sweet,
Brought back with him again the blooming year,
The wondrous deeds Orlando did in stower,
Appeared with the new grass and dainty flower.

LXXXIII.

From plain to hill, from champaign-flat to shore,
Oppressed with grief and pain the country fares,
When a long cry, entering a forest hoar,
—A loud lamenting smites upon his ears.
He grasps his brand and spurs his courser sore,
And swiftly pricks towards the sound he hears.
But I shall at another season say
What chanced, and may be heard in future lay.

NOTES TO CANTO XI.

1.

Xenocrates would not have been more chaste.

Stanza iii. line 2.

Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, famous for his continence.

o

2.

This is the ring, &c.

Stanza iv. line 1.

All the adventures contained in this and the following stanza are to be found in the *Innamorato*, from her first adventure in France and casting the magic sleep upon Malagigi to the stealing of her ring by Brunello in the citadel of Arbracca.

3.

Or flying Galatæa, &c.

Stanza xii. line 3.

Meaning, I suppose, Ovid's Galatæa flying from Polyphemus.

4.

*And on his shoulder flings and bears away,
 As sometimes wolf a little lamb will bear,
 Or eagle in her crooked claws convey
 Pigeon, or such-like bird, through liquid air.*

Stanza xx. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

So Virgil,

*Qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cygnum
 Sustulit, alta petens, pedibus Jovis armiger uncis
 Quæsitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum
 Martius a stabulis rapuit lupus.*

ÆNEID IX.

5.

To Italy and France, &c.

Stanza xxiv. line 1.

There is a propriety observed in this order of words; as in fact the use of artillery did (I believe), spread from the Germans immediately to the Italians, the Venetians first making use of it near Chioza, or Chioggia, in their war with the Genoese.

6.

And bombard, gun, &c.

This saker, culverine, or falcon light.

Stanza xxiv. line 7, xxv. line 1.

Bombard was, properly speaking, a mortar: culverine, a long piece, which borrowed its denomination from the snake; and saker and falcon light artillery, so called from two species of the hawk.

7.

*The billows swell, and, lo! the beast! who pressed,
And nigh concealed the sea beneath his breast.*

Stanza xxxiv. lines 7 and 8.

He has not yet done with this thought, which we have again more amplified in the succeeding stanza.

8.

*So swims the beast, who so much occupies
Of sea, he may be said to keep it all.*

Stanza xxxv. lines 5 and 6.

Così nuota la fiera, e del mar prende
Tanto, che si può dir, che tutto il tegua.

He borrows from Ovid,

Unda

Insonuit; veniènsque immenso bellua ponto
Eminet et latum sub pectore possidet æquor—

and has indeed said something like this in another place, for he is fond of repeating his thoughts and images as well as words; and it would almost seem that he was proud of showing how many variations he could sound upon the same theme. Thus he twice describes a naked woman bound to a rock. In Canto VI. we have twice a simile drawn from a burning brand or fagot. In a very few stanzas afterwards we have again the same illustration, and his repetition of words even in the same stanza is endless.

9.

*Neptune bids yoke his dolphins, and that day
For distant Æthiopia posts away.*

Stanza xliv. lines 7 and 8.

We read in Homer of Neptune's visits to the blameless

Æthiopians; but Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were the great mine whence Ariosto drew his mythological materials, and he had probably in his recollection the passage where the gods are described taking refuge in Æthiopia amid the tumults of the Titanic war.

10.

*With Melicerta on her shoulders, weeping
Ino, &c.*

Stanza xlv. lines 1 and 2.

Ino, the wife of Athamas, and Melicerta, her son, were changed into deities of the sea.

11.

*He looks; and known to him the dame appears,
And more appears, when nigher her he sought:
Olympia she appears, and is indeed
Olympia; whose faith reaped so ill a meed.*

Stanza liy. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

In this stanza too we may remark what I have before directed attention to.

The lines, in the original are,

Guarda e gli *par'* conoscer la fanciulla;
E più gli *pare* più che s' avvicina
Gli *pare Olimpia*; ed è *Olimpia* certo
Che di sua fede ebbe sì iniquo merto.

Here, however, this favourite practice of the poet has an obvious object; in other places it seems less explicable if measured only by its immediate effect. But on this, too, I have already remarked.

12.

*Oberto comes; Oberto, he that reigns
O'er Ireland's people, &c.*

Stanza lix. lines 6 and 7.

Is this an Italianization of O'Bert, as Huggins translates it?

o

13.

*Knew him, because a page of honour he
Had been in France, &c.*

Stanza lxii. lines 1 and 2.

In the system of education pursued during the middle ages, few means were better suited to the end proposed, than the sort of interchange which was made of sons of princes, and gentlemen who, brought up under other roof than that of their father, were bred in a kind of noble apprenticeship to their calling, amid companions of their own age, secure of kindness (because under friendly, if not kindred, tutelage), but removed from all the risques of parental indulgence.

o

14.

*Like new-pressed milk in show,
Fresh-taken from its crate of rushes green.*

Stanza lxxviii. lines 3 and 4.

parean latte

Che fuor de' giunchi allora allora tolli.

Curds are called in Italian *giuncate*, because carried in baskets made of the bull-rush, or *giunco*. Hence our word junket, meaning, in its original signification, curd; and, in its secondary, rustic festivity; because curds were formerly the standing dish on such occasions.

15.

*Oberto takes to wife Olympia fair,
And her of countess makes a puissant queen.*

• Stanza lxxx. lines 1 and 2.

So ends this beautiful, though strange episode, made up of classical and Gothic fictions, and in which figure the champion of Christendom, and the heathen god Proteus, who is described as exercising all the powers of an angry and puissant divinity. One of the late translators of the *Furioso*, in commenting upon this canto of his author, seems here to think him indefensible, and what would justly be thought so glaring an offence against costume in a modern, will probably be deemed in the eyes of many, a defect in Ariosto. But those many, who judge by rule, should, on their own principles, have regard to authority: and by what many and weighty authorities may he not be justified? To come near to our own times; is not the mixture in Lycidas, of "the pilot of the Galilean lake," and of heathen gods and goddesses, "Sleek Panopé," with all her sisters," and, "old Hippotades," shepherds and bishops, a more anomalous assemblage than that which we find in the story of Olympia? Yet who could wish, except those who pride themselves as philosophical critics, that Milton had conformed to our modern notions of propriety, or who of real poetical feeling subscribes to the censure which Dr. Johnson has pronounced upon this exquisite poem? But if I have been tempted to recur to authority, I ought to confess it is not by authorities that Ariosto is generally to be estimated. He will never relish the *Furioso* who expects to find in it a series of classical reliefs; let him rather come to it as to the contemplation of a magnificent and fanciful arabesque, in which the natural mingles with the extravagant, and the beautiful with the grotesque.

16.

*But when within that animal discreet
Which Phryxus bore, the sun, &c.*

Stanza lxxxii. lines 3 and 4.

The ram on which Phryxus escaped from her mother-in-law, and which was afterwards placed in the zodiac, which animal the sun enters in the spring quarter.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XII.

VOL. II.

ARGUMENT.

*Orlando, full of rage, pursues a knight
Who bears by force his lady-love away,
And comes where old Atlantes, by his sleight
Had raised a dome, Rogero there to stay.
Here too Rogero comes; where getting sight
Of his lost love, the County strives in fray
With fierce Ferrâu, and, after slaughter fell
Amid the paynim host, finds Isabel.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XII.

I.

CERES, when from the Idæan dame in haste
Returning to the lonely valley, where
Enceladus the Ætnæan mountain placed
On his bolt-smitten flanks, is doomed to bear,
Her girl she found not, on that pathless waste,
By her late quitted, having rent her hair,
And marked cheeks, eyes, and breast, with livid signs,
At the end of her lament tore up two pines,

II.

And lit at Vulcan's fire the double brand,
And gave them virtue never to be spent ;
And, afterwards, with one in either hand,
Drawn by two dragons, in her chariot went,
Searching the forest, hill, and level land,
Field, valley, running stream, or water pent,
The land and sea ; and having searched the shell
Of earth above, descended into hell.

III.

Had Roland of Eleusis' deity

The sovereign power possessed no less than will,
He for Angelica had land and sea
Ransacked, and wood and field, and pool and rill,
Heaven, and Oblivion's bottom: but since he
Had not, his pressing purpose to fulfil,
Her dragon and her car, the unwearied knight
Pursued the missing maid as best he might.

IV.

Through France he sought her, and will seek her through
The realms of Italy and of Almàyn,
And thence through the Castiles, both old and new,
So passing into Libya out of Spain.
While bold Orlando has this plan in view,
He hears, or thinks he hears, a voice complain:
He forward spurs, and sees on mighty steed
A warrior trot before him on the mead;

V.

Who in his arms a captive damsel bears,
Sore grieving, and across the pommel laid;
She weeps and struggles, and the semblance wears
Of cruel woe, and ever calls for aid
Upon Anglantes' prince; and now appears
To him, as he surveys the youthful maid,
She, for whom, night and day, with ceaseless pain,
Inside and out, he France had searched in vain.

.VI.

I say not is, but that she to the sight
Seems the Angelica he loves so dear.
He who his lady-love and goddess' flight
Beholds, borne off in such afflicted cheer,
Impelled by fury foul, and angry spite,
Calls back with horrid voice the cavalier ;
Calls back the cavalier, and threats in vain,
And Brigliadoro drives with flowing rein.

VII.

That felon stops not, nor to him replies,
On his great gain intent, his glorious prey ;
And with such swiftness through the greenwood hies,
Wind would not overtake him on his way.
The one pursues while him the other flies,
And with lament resounds the thicket gray.
They issue in a spacious mead, on which
Appears a lofty mansion, rare and rich.

VIII.

Of various marbles, wrought with subtle care,
Is the proud palace. He who fast in hold
Bears off upon his arm the damsel fair,
Sore pricking, enters at a gate of gold.
Nor Brigliador is far behind the pair,
Backed by Orlando, angry knight and bold.
Entering, around Orlando turns his eyes,
Yet neither cavalier nor damsel spies.

~

IX.

He suddenly dismounts, and thundering fares
Through the inmost palace, seeking still his foe,
And here and there in restless rage repairs,
Till he has seen each bower, each galleried row ;
With the same purpose he ascends the stairs,
Having first vainly searched each room below.
Nor spends less labour, on his task intent,
Above, than he beneath had vainly spent.

X.

Here beds are seen adorned with silk and gold ;
Nor of partition aught is spied or wall :
For these, and floor beneath, throughout that hold,
Are hid by curtains and by carpets all¹.
Now here, now there, returns Orlando bold,
Nor yet can glad his eyes, in bower or hall,
With the appearance of the royal maid,
Or the foul thief by whom she was conveyed.

XI.

This while, as here and there in fruitless pain
He moves, oppressed with thought and trouble sore,
Gradasso, Brandimant, and him of Spain,
Ferrâu, he finds, with Sacripant and more ;
Who ever toiling, like himself, in vain
Above, that building, and beneath explore,
And as they wander, curse with one accord
The malice of the castle's viewless lord.

XII.

All in pursuit of the offender speed,
And upon him some charge of robbery lay:
One knight complains that he has stolen his steed,
One that he has purloined his lady gay.
Other accuses him of other deed:
And thus within the enchanted cage they stay,
Nor can depart; while in the palace pent,
Many have weeks and months together spent.

XIII.

Roland, when he round that strange dome had paced
Four times or six, still vainly seeking, said
Within himself, at last, "I here might waste
" My time and trouble, still in vain delayed,
" While haply her the robber whom I chased
" Has far away, through other gate conveyed."
So thinking, from the house he issued out
Into the mead which girt the dome about.

XIV.

While Roland wanders round the sylvan Hall,
Still holding close his visage to the ground,
To see if recent print or trace withal
Can, right or left, upon the turf be found,
He from a neighbouring window hears a call,
And looks, and thinks he hears that voice's sound,
And thinks he sees the visage by which he
Was so estranged from what he wont to be.

XV.

He thinks he hears Angelica, and she

“ Help, help !” entreating cries, and weeping sore,

“ More than for life and soul, alas ! of thee

“ Protection for my honour I implore.

“ Then shall it in my Roland’s presence be

“ Ravished by this foul robber ? Oh ! before

“ Me to such miserable fate you leave,

“ Let me from your own hand my death receive !”

XVI.

These words repeated once, and yet again,

Made Roland through each chamber, far and near,

Return with passion, and with utmost pain ;

But tempered with high hope. Sometimes the peer

Stopt in his search, and heard a voice complain,

Which seemed to be Angelica’s : if here

The restless warrior stand, it sounds from there,

And calls for help he knows not whence nor where.

XVII.

Returning to Rogero, left, I said,

When through a gloomy path, upon his steed,

Following the giant and the dame who fled,

He from the wood had issued on the mead ;

I say that he arrived where Roland dread

Arrived before him, if I rightly read.

The giant through the golden portal passed,

Rogero close behind, who followed fast.

XVIII.

As soon as he his foot has lifted o'er
The threshold, he through court and gallery spies;
Nor sees the giant or the lady more,
And vainly glances here and there his eyes.
He up and down returns with labour sore,
Yet not for that his longing satisfies;
Nor can imagine where the felon thief
Has hid himself and dame in space so brief.

XIX.

After four times or five he so had wound
Above, below, through bower and gallery fair,
He yet returned, and, having nothing found,
Searched even to the space beneath the stair.
At length, in hope they in the woodlands round
Might be, he sallied; but the voice, which there
Roland recalled, did him no less recall,
And made as well return within the Hall.

XX.

One voice, one shape, which to Anglantes' peer
Seemed his Angelica, beseeching aid,
Seemed to Rogero Dordogne's lady dear,
Who him a truant to himself had made:
If with Gradasso, or with other near
He spake, of those who through the palace strayed,
To all of them the vision, seen apart,
Seemed that which each had singly most at heart.

XXI.

This was a new and an unwonted spell,
Which the renowned Atlantes had composed,
That in this toil, this pleasing pain, might dwell
So long Rogero, by these walls enclosed,
From him should pass away the influence fell,
—Influence which him to early death exposed.
Though vain his magic tower of steel, and vain
Alcina's art, Atlantes plots again.

XXII.

Not only he, but others who stood high
For valour, and in France had greatest fame,
That by their hands Rogero might not die,
Brought here by old Atlantes' magic came:
While these in the enchanted mansion lie,
That food be wanting not to knight or dame,
He has supplied the dome throughout so well,
That all the inmates there in plenty dwell.

XXIII.

But to Angelica return we, who,
Now of that ring so wondrous repossessed,
(Which, in her mouth, concealed the maid from view,
Preserved from spell when it the finger pressed,)
Was in the mountain-cavern guided to
Whatever needed, viands, mare, and vest,
And had conceived the project to pursue
Her way to her fair Indian realm anew.

XXIV.

King Sacripant, or Roland, willingly
The damsel would have taken for her guide ;
Not that, propitious to their wishes, she
(Averse from both) inclined to either side ;
But, since her eastern journey was to be
Through town and city, scattered far and wide,
She needed company, and ill had found
More trusty guides than these for such a round.

XXV.

Now this, now that she sought with fruitless care,
Before she lit on either warrior's trace,
By city or by farm, now here, now there,
In forest now, and now in other place.
Fortune, at length, where caged with Roland are
Ferrâu and Sacripant, directs her chase ;
Rogero, with Gradasso fierce, and more,
Noosed with strange witcheries by Atlantes hoar.

XXVI.

She enters, hidden from the enchanter's eyes,
And by the ring concealed, examines all ;
And Roland there, and Sacripant espies,
Intent to seek her vainly through that Hall ;
And with her image cheating both, descries
Atlantes old. The damsel doubts withal
Which of the two to take, and long revolves
This in her doubtful thought, nor well resolves.

XXVII.

She knows not which with her will best accord,
The Count Orlando or Circassia's knight.
As of most prowess, her would Roland ward
In passage perilous, with better might.
But should she make the peer her guide, her lord,
She knew not if her champion she could slight,
If him she would depress with altered cheer,
Or into France send back the cavalier :

XXVIII.

But Sacripant at pleasure could depose,
Though him she had uplifted to the sky.
Hence him alone she for her escort chose,
And feigned to trust in his fidelity.
The ring she from her mouth withdraws, and shows
Her face, unveiled to the Circassian's eye :
She thought to him alone ; but fierce Ferrâu
And Roland came upon the maid, and saw.

XXIX.

Ferrâu and Roland came upon the maid ;
For one and the other champion equally
Within the palace and without it strayed
In quest of her, who was their deity.
And now, no longer by the enchantment stayed,
Each ran alike towards the dame, for she
Had placed the ring upon her hand anew,
Which old Atlantes' every scheme o'erthrew.

XXX.

Helm on the head and corselet on the breast
Of both the knights, of whom I sing, was tied ;
By night or day, since they into this rest
Had entered, never doffed and laid aside :
For such to wear were easy as a vest,
To these, so wont the burden to abide.
As well was armed, except with iron masque,
Ferrâu, who wore not, nor would wear, a casque,

XXXI.

Till he had that erst wrested by the peer,
Orlando, from the brother of Troyane ;
For so had sworn the Spanish cavalier,
What time he Argalià's helm in vain
Sought in the brook ; yet though the count was near,
Had not stretched forth his hand the prize to gain.
For so it was, that neither of the pair
Could recognise the other knight while there.

XXXII.

Upon the enchanted dome lay such a spell,
That they from one another were concealed ;
They doffed not, night nor day, the corselet's shell,
Nor sword, nor even put aside the shield.
Saddled, with bridle hanging at the sell,
Their steeds were feeding, ready for the field,
Within a chamber, near the palace door,
With straw and barley heaped in plenteous store.

XXXIII.

Nor might nor mean in old Atlantes lies
To stop the knights from mounting, who repair
To their good steeds, to chase the bright black eyes,
The fair vermillion cheeks and golden hair
Of the sweet damsel, who before them flies,
And goads to better speed her panting mare ;
Ill pleased the three assembled to discern,
Though haply she had taken each in turn.

XXXIV.

And when these from the magic palace she
Had ticed so far, that she no more supposed
The warriors to the wicked fallacy
Of the malign enchanter were exposed,
The ring, which more than once from misery
Had rescued her, she 'twixt her lips enclosed,
Hence from their sight she vanished in a thought,
And left them wondering there, like men distraught.

XXXV.

Although she first the scheme had entertained
Roland or Sacripant to have released,
To guide her thither, where her father reigned,
King Galaphron, who ruled i' the farthest East,
The aid of both she suddenly disdained,
And in an instant from her project ceased ;
And deemed, without more debt to count or king,
In place of either knight sufficed the ring.

XXXVI.

In haste, they through the forest, here and there,
So scorned of her, still gaze with stupid face ;
Like questing hound which loses sight of hare
Or fox, of whom he late pursued the trace,
Into close thicket, ditch, or narrow lair,
Escaping from the keen pursuer's chase.
Meantime their ways the wanton Indian queen
Observes, and at their wonder laughs unseen.

XXXVII.

In the mid wood, where they the maid did lose,
Was but a single pathway, left or right ;
Which they believed the damsel could not choose
But follow, when she vanished from their sight.
Ferrâu halts not, and Roland fast pursues,
Nor Sacripant less plies the rowels bright.
Angelica, this while, restrains her steed,
And follows the three warriors with less speed.

XXXVIII.

When pricking thus they came to where the way
Was in the forest lost, with wood o'ergrown,
And had begun the herbage to survey
For print of recent footsteps, up and down,
The fierce Ferrâu, who might have borne away
From all that ever proudest were, the crown,
With evil countenance, to the other two
Turned him about, and shouted " Whence are you ?

XXXIX.

“ Turn back or take another road, save here,
“ In troth, you covet to be slain by me.
“ Nor when I chase or woo my lady dear,
“ Let any think I bear with company.”
And—“ What more could he say, sir cavalier,”
(Orlando cried to Sacripant) “ if we
“ Were known for the two basest whores that pull
“ And reel from spindle-staff the matted wool?”

XL.

Then turning to Ferrâu, “ But that thine head,
“ Thou brutish sot, as I behold, is bare,
“ If thy late words were ill or wisely said,
“ Thou should’st perceive, before we further fare.”
To him Ferrâu ; “ For that which breeds no dread
“ In me, why should’st thou take such sovereign care?
“ What I have said unhelmed will I prove true,
“ Here, single as I am, on both of you.”

XLI.

“ Oh !” (to Circassia’s king cried Roland dread)
“ Thy morion for this man let me entreat,
“ Till I have driven such folly from his head ;
“ For never with like madness did I meet.”
—“ Who then would be most fool?” the monarch said ;
“ But if indeed you deem the suit discreet,
“ Lend him thine own ; nor shall I be less fit
“ Haply than thee to school his lack of wit.”

XLII.

- “Fools, both of you!” (the fierce Ferràu replied)
“As if, did I to wear a helm delight,
“You would not be without your casques of pride,
“Already reft by me in your despite;
“But know thus much, that I by vow am tied
“To wear no helm, and thus my promise quite;
“Roaming without, till that fine casque I win
“Worn by Orlando, Charles’s paladin.”

XLIII.

- “Then (smiling, to the Spaniard said the count)
“With naked head, thou thinkest to repeat
“On Roland what he did in Aspramont,
“By Agolant’s bold son: but shouldst thou meet
“The warrior whom thou seekest, front to front,
“I warrant thou shouldst quake from head to feet;
“Nor only wouldst forego the casque, but give
“The knight thine other arms to let thee live,”

XLIV.

- “So oft have I had Roland on the hip,
“And oft,” (exclaimed the boaster) “heretofore;
“From him it had been easy task to strip
“What other arms, beside his helm, he wore;
“And if I still have let the occasion slip,
“—We sometimes think of things unwished before:
“Such wish I had not; I have now; and hope
“To compass easily my present scope.”

XLV.

The good Orlando could no more forbear,
And cried, "Foul miscreant, liar, matched with me,
" Say, caitiff, in what country, when and where
" Boast you to have obtained such victory?
" That paladin am I, o'er whom you dare
" To vaunt, and whom you distant deemed: now see
" If you can take my helm, or I have might
" To take your other arms in your despite.

XLVI.

" Nor I o'er you the smallest vantage wou'd."
He ended, and his temples disarrayed,
And to a beech hung up the helmet good,
And nigh as quickly bared his trenchant blade.
Ferrau stands close, and in such attitude,
(His courage not for what had chanced dismayed)
Covered with lifted shield and naked sword,
As might best shelter to his head afford.

XLVII.

'Twas thus those warriors two, with faulchions bare,
Turning their ready steeds, began to wheel;
And where the armour thinnest was, and where
The meeting plates were joined, probed steel with
steel;
Nor was there in the world another pair
More fitted to be matched in fierce appeal:
Equal their daring, equal was their might,
And safe alike from wound was either knight.

XLVIII.

By you, fair sir, already, I presume,
That fierce Ferràu was charmed is understood,
Save where the child, enclosed within the womb
Of the full mother, takes its early food ;
And hence he ever, till the squalid tomb
Covered his manly face, wore harness good
(Such was his wont) the doubtful part to guard,
Of seven good plates of metal, tempered hard.

XLIX.

Alike a charmed life Orlando bore,
Safe every where, except a single part :
Unfenced beneath his feet, which evermore
By him were guarded with all care and art.
The rest than diamond dug from mountain hoar
More hard, unless report from truth depart ;
And armed to battle either champion went,
Less for necessity than ornament.

L.

Waxing more fierce and fell the combat rages ;
Of fear and horror full, between the twain :
The fierce Ferràu such dreadful battle wages,
That stroke or thrust is never dealt in vain :
Each mighty blow from Roland disengages
And loosens, breaks, or shatters, plate and chain.
Angelica alone, secure from view,
Regards such fearful sight, and marks the two.

LI.

For, during this, thê king of Circassy,
Who deemed Angelica not far before,
When Ferrau and Orlando desperately
Closing in fight were seen, his horse did gore
Along the way by which he deemed that she
Had disappeared ; and so that battle sore
Was witnessed 'twixt the struggling foes, by none,
Beside the daughter of king Galaphron.

LII.

After the damsel had sometime descried
This dread and direful combat, standing nigh ;
And it appearing that on either side
With equal peril both the warriors vie,
She, fond of novelty, the helm untied
Designs to take ; desirous to espy
What they would do when they perceived the wrong ;
But, without thought to keep her plunder long.

LIII.

To give it to Orlando was she bent,
But first she would upon the warrior play :
The helmet she took down with this intent
And in her bosom hid, and marked the fray :
Next thence, without a word to either went,
And from the scene of strife was far away
Ere either of the two had marked the feat ;
So were they blinded by their angry heat.

LIV.

But Ferràu, who first chanced the loss to see,
From Roland disengaged himself, and cried,
“ How like unwary men and fools are we
“ Treated by him, who late with us did ride !
“ What meed, which worthiest of the strife might be,
“ If this be stolen, the victor shall abide ? ”
Roland draws back, looks upward, and with ire,
Missing the noble casque, is all on fire ;

LV.

And in opinion with Ferràu agreed,
That he the knight, who was with them before,
Had born away the prize ; hence turned his steed,
And with the spur admonished Brigliador.
Ferràu, who from the field beheld him speed,
Followed him, and when Roland and the Moor
Arrived where tracks upon the herbage green
Of the Circassian and the maid were seen,

LVI.

Towards a vale upon the left the count
Went off, pursuing the Circassian's tread ;
The Spaniard kept the path more nigh the mount,
By which the fair Angelica had fled.
Angelica, this while, has reached a fount,
Of pleasant site, and shaded overhead ;
By whose inviting shades no traveller hasted,
Nor ever left the chrystal wave untasted.

LVII.

Angelica, the sylvan spring beside,
Reposes, unsuspecting of surprise;
And thinking her the sacred ring will hide,
Fears not that evil accident can rise.
On her arrival at the fountain's side,
She to a branch above the helmet ties;
Then seeks the fittest sapling for her need,
Where, fastened to its trunk, her mare may feed.

LVIII.

The Spanish cavalier the stream beside
Arrived, who had pursued her traces there:
Angelica no sooner him espied,
Than she vanished clean, and spurred her mare:
The helm this while had dropt, but lay too wide
To be recovered of the flying fair,
As soon as sweet Angelica he saw,
Towards her full of rapture sprang Ferràu.

LIX.

She disappeared, I say, as forms avoant
At sleep's departure: toiling long and sore
He seeks the damsel there, 'twixt plant and plant,
Nor can his wretched eyes behold her more.
Blaspheming his Mahoùnd and Termagant,
And cursing every master of his lore,
Ferràu returned towards the sylvan fount,
Where lay on earth the helmet of the count.

LX.

This he soon recognised, for here he read
Letters upon the margin, written fair,
Which how Orlando won the helmet said ;
And from what champion took, and when and where.
With it the paynim armed his neck and head,
Who would not for his grief the prize forbear ;
His grief for loss of her, conveyed from sight,
As disappear the phantoms of the night.

LXI.

When in this goodly casque he was arrayed,
He deemed nought wanting to his full content,
But the discovery of the royal maid,
Who like a flash of lightning came and went :
For her he searches every greenwood shade,
And when all hope of finding her is spent,
He for the vain pursuit no longer tarries,
But to the Spanish camp returns near Paris ;

LXII.

Tempering the grief which glowed within his breast,
For such sore disappointment, with the thought
That he was with Orlando's morion blest,
As sworn. By good Anglante's count, when taught
That the false Saracen the prize possest,
Long time the Spanish knight was vainly sought ;
Nor Roland took the helmet from his head,
Till he between two bridges laid him dead.

LXIII.

Angelica thus, viewless and alone,
Speeds on her journey, but with troubled front ;
Grieved for the helmet, in her haste foregone
On her departure from the grassy fount.
“ Choosing to do what I should least have done,”
(She said) “ I took his helmet from the count.
“ This for his first desert I well bestow ;
“ A worthy recompense for all I owe !

LXIV.

“ With good intentions, as God knows, I wrought ;
“ Though these an ill and different end produce ;
“ I took the helmet only with the thought
“ To bring that deadly battle to a truce ;
“ And not that this foul Spaniard what he sought
“ Should gain, or I to his intent conduce.”
So she, lamenting, took herself to task
For having robbed Orlando of his casque.

LXV.

By what appeared to her the meetest way,
Moody and ill-content she eastward pressed ;
Ofttimes concealed, sometimes in face of day,
As seemed most opportune and pleased her best.
After much country seen, a forest gray
She reached, where, sorely wounded in mid breast,
Between two dead companions on the ground,
The royal maid a bleeding stripling found.

LXVI.

But of Angelica I now no more
Shall speak, who first have many things to say;
Nor shall to the Circassian or the Moor
Give for long space a rhyme; thence called away
By good Anglante's prince, who wills, before
I of those others tell, I should display
The labours and the troubles he sustained,
Pursuing the great good he never gained.

LXVII.

At the first city, whither he was brought
(Because to go concealed he had good care),
He a new helmet donned; but took no thought
What was the head-piece he designed to bear.
So safe is he in fairy spell, it nought
Imports, if hard or soft its temper were.
Orlando, covered thus, pursues the quest,
Nor him day, night, or rain, or sun arrest.

LXVIII.

It was the hour that out of Ocean's bed
Dan Phœbus drew his dripping steeds, and high
And low, still scattering yellow flowers and red,
Aurora stained the heavens with various dye,
And Stars had cast their veils about their head,
Departing from their revels in the sky;
When passing on a day fair Paris near,
Orlando made his mighty worth appear.

LXIX.

Two squadrons he encountered ; one an old
Saracen, Manilardo clept, obeyed ;
King of Noritia, whilom fierce and bold,
But fitter now to counsel than to aid.
The next beneath the standard was enrolled
Of Tremisena's monarch, who was said
'Mid Africans to be a perfect knight ;
Alzirdo he by those who knew him, hight :

LXX.

These, with the other Saracen array,
Cantoned throughout the winter months had lain,
Some near the city, some more far away,
All lodged nigh town or hamlet on the plain.
For since King Agramant had many a day
Spent in attacking Paris' walls in vain,
He (for no other means remained to try)
Would lastly with a siege the city ply ;

LXXI.

And to do this had people infinite :
Since he, beside the host that with him came,
And that of Spain which followed to the fight
The Spanish King Marsilius' oriflame,
Many of France did in his pay unite :
For all from Paris he to Arles's stream,
With part of Gascony, some straggling tower
Excepted, had reduced beneath his power.

LXXII.

The quivering brook, as warmer breezes blew,
Beginning now from ice its waves to free,
And the fresh-springing grass and foliage new,
To cloathe again the field and greenwood tree,
All those King Agramant assembled, who
Had followed him in his prosperity;
To muster in review the armed swarm,
And give to his affairs a better form :

LXXIII.

Hence did the King of Tremisen' repair,
With him who had Noritia in command,
To be in time at that full muster, where
Each squadron, good or bad, was to be scanned :
Orlando thus by chance encountered there,
As I have told you, this united band ;
Who, as his usage was, went seeking her,
By whom he had been made Love's prisoner.

LXXIV.

Alzirdo, as the approaching count he eyes,
Who in this world for valour has no peer,
With such a haughty front, and in such guise,
The God of war would less in arms appear,
The features known before astounded spies,
The fierce, disdainful glance and furious cheer;
And him esteems a knight of prowess high,
Which, fondly, he too sore desires to try.

LXXV.

Arrogant, young, and of redoubted force,
Alzirdo was, and prized for dauntless mind;
Who bent to joust pricked forth his foaming horse,
Happier had he remained in line behind!
Met by Anglante's prince in middle course,
Who pierced his heart as they encountering joined.
Frighted, the lightened courser scoured the plain,
Without a rider to direct the rein.

LXXVI.

Rises a sudden and a horrid cry,
And air on every side repeats the scream;
As his scared band the falling youth descry,
And issuing from his wound so wide a stream:
Disordered, they the count in fury ply,
And, raised to cut or thrust, their weapons gleam.
Against that flower of knights, their feathered reeds,
A thicker squadron yet in tempest speeds.

LXXVII.

With sound like that, with which from hill repair,
Or from the champaign's flat the hurrying swine,
(If the Wolf, issue from his grot, or Bear,
Descending to the mountains' lower line,
Some bristly youngling take away and tear,
Who with loud squeal and grunt is heard to pine)
Came driving at the count the barbarous rout;
"Upon him!" and "upon him!" still their shout.

LXXVIII.

At once spears, shafts, and swords, his corslet bore
By thousands, and as many pierce his shield.
This threatens on one side, and that before,
And those the ponderous mace behind him wield.
But he esteems the craven rout no more,
He, who did never yet to terror yield,
Than hungry Wolf in twilight makes account
To what the number of the flock may mount.

LXXIX.

He held unsheathed that thundering sword in hand,
Which with so many foes has heaped the plain,
That he who thinks to count the slaughtered band,
Has undertaken, hard emprise and vain.
The road ran red, ensanguined by his brand,
And scarce capacious of the many slain.
For neither targe nor head-piece good defends,
Where fatal Durindana's blade descends.

LXXX.

Nor safety cotton vest, nor cloths supply,
In thousand folds about the temples spread :
Nor only groan and lamentation fly
Through air, but shoulder, arm, and severed head,
Death roams the field in strange variety
Of horrid forms, and all inspiring dread ;
And says, " For hundreds of my scythes may stand
" His Durindana in Orlando's hand."

LXXXI.

His ceaseless strokes scarce one the other wait :

Speedily all his foemen are in flight.

And when before they came at furious rate,

They hoped to swallow quick the single knight.

None is there who, in that unhappy straight,

Stops for his comrade, flying from the fight.

Here one man speeds afoot, one gallops there ;

None stays to question if the road be fair.

LXXXII.

His mirror Valour bore about, and here

Each blemish of the soul was seen confest :

None looked therein, except an aged peer,

Whose blood was chilled, but courage unrepres.

That death were better deems this cavalier

Than life in flight, and in disgrac. possest :

I mean Noritia's king, who lays his lance

In rest against the paladin of France ;

LXXXIII.

He broke it on the border of the shield

Of the intrepid count, with stedfast hand,

Who, by the stroke unshaken, nothing reeled ;

And smote the king, in passing, with his brand.

Him Fortune saved ; for as Orlando wheeled

The blade, it turned, descending, in his hand.

Although an-edge he guides not still the sword,

Stunned from his saddle reels the paynim lord.

LXXXIV.

Astounded from his saddle reels the king,
Nor him Orlando turns about to see.
He cuts, and cleaves, and slays his following;
Who all believe him at their backs to be.
As through the spacious air, with troubled wing,
The starlings from the daring merlin flee;
So, of that broken squadron, scattered round,
Some fly, some dip, and some fall flat to ground.

LXXXV.

He ceased not his ensanguined blade to sway
Till living wight remained not in his view.
Orlando doubted to resume his way,
Although the country all about he knew.
Does he the right or left-hand road assay,
His thoughts still rove from what his steps pursue,
And he to seek the damsel is in dread
Through other path than that by which she fled.

LXXXVI.

Through wood and field his courser did he goad,
Often inquiring for the royal dame:
Beside himself, he strayed beside his road,
And to the foot of rising mountain came,
Whence (it was night-time) through a fissure glowed
The distant flicker of a quivering flame.
Orlando to the rock approached, to spy
If there Angelica concealed might lie.

LXXXVII.

As where low junipers o'ershadè her lair,
Or in the stubble of the open lay,
What time the hunters seek the fearful hare
Through traversed woods, and through uncertain way,
—Lest peradventure she be hidden there,
They every bramble, every bush assay;
Even so, where hope the toiling warrior leads,
Searching his lady-love, Orlando speeds.

LXXXVIII.

Pricking in haste towards that ray, the count
Arrived where in the wood the light was shed,
Forth-streaming from a crevice in the mount,
Within whose womb a spacious grotto spread;
And there, like wall or bank, discerned in front,
Of thorns and underwood a bristly bed,
To hide the grotto's inmates, and defend
From scathe or scorn, which others might intend.

LXXXIX.

By day it had been hidden evermore;
But the clear flame betrayed the haunt by night.
Its use he guessed; but would the place explore,
And better certify himself by sight.
When he without had tied his Brigliador,
In silence to the grotto stole the knight;
Threading the shrubs; nor calling for a guide,
Entered the passage in the mountain's side.

XC.

By a long flight of steps was the descent
Into the cave ; where, in the rocky tomb,
Buried were living folk. Of wide extent,
The grot was chiselled into vaulted room ;
Nor was, although its entrance little lent,
All daylight wanting to disperse the gloom :
For much was furnished by a window dight,
Within a natural fissure on the right.

XCI.

In the mid cave, beside a fire was seen
A gentle maid of pleasing look and guise ;
Who seemed to Roland little past fifteen,
As far as at first sight he might surmise.
With that so fair she made the rugged scene
Seem in the warrior's sight a paradise.
Although this while her eyes with tears o'erflow,
Clear tokens of a heart oppressed with woe.

XCII.

An aged dame was with her, and the pair
Wrangled, as oftentimes is women's way ;
But when the County was descended there,
Concluded the dispute and wordy fray.
Orlando hastens to salute them fair
(As still is due to womankind) and they
To welcome him rise lightly from their seat,
And with benign return the warrior greet.

XCIII.

'Tis true, that when that sudden voice they hear,
Somedea! confused in look they seem to be,
At the same time beholding thus appear
So fierce a wight, and harnessed cap-a-pee.
"What wight" (demands Anglantes' cavalier)
"So barbarous is, and void of courtesy,
"That he keeps buried, in this rude repair,
"A face so gentle and so passing fair?"

XCIV.

With pain the virgin to the count replies,
As he inquires of her unhappy doom,
In sweet and broken accents, which by sighs
Impelled, through rows of pearl and coral come:
And between rose and lily, from her eyes
Tears fall so fast, she needs must swallow some.
In other canto, sir, be pleased to attend
The rest, for here 'tis time my strain should end.

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

1.

*nor aught is seen of wall;
For these, and floor beneath, with tapestry,
Curtain, or carpet, are close covered all.*

Stanza x. lines 2, 3, 4.

This description may surprise those acquainted but with English antiquities, and who know that the floors of our richest nobles, and even those of our kings, were, in Ariosto's age and long after, covered with rushes, under which the filth and offal of the table was often left to rot. Italy had, however, arrived at as high a pitch of refinement, as may be argued from this stanza, even in the time of Dante; a fact made clear by certain passages in the prose works of that writer, and which were for this purpose cited by Mr. Foscolo in his lectures on Italian literature. What a contrast does she now afford to the times when 'wealth was hers!'

2.

*But know thus much, that I by vow am tied
To wear no helm, &c.*

Stanza xlii. lines 5 and 6.

Such vows, during the middle ages, were not uncommon even in real life. Thus Froissart tells us of an English knight,

who wore one eye covered in consequence of a vow he had made to forego the use of it, till he had taken a certain number of prisoners in the French wars.

3.

*Angelica no sooner him espied
Than she vanished clean, and spurred her mare.*

Stanza lviii. lines 3 and 4.

It may be objected that, though Angelica might vanish by putting the ring in her mouth, her mare, with an empty saddle, must have remained visible, and that this circumstance should have been attended to and explained. But (as I have said elsewhere) there is no end to such objections where there is a question of magic.

4.

Blaspheming his Mahound and Termagant.

Stanza lix. line 5.

Speaking comparatively, it was only at a late period of society that the doctrines of Islamism came to be understood in the Christian parts of Europe. Till this epoch we find the Mussulmans constantly charged with polytheism, and Termagant, Tervagant, (or, as he is termed in the Italian, *Trivigante*) is a godhead, frequently associated with Mahommed by the romancers.

5.

Each blemish of the soul was seen confest.

Stanza lxxxii. line 2.

The original says each *wrinkle* of the soul. Though I have ventured to attempt to naturalize many Italian expressions, I thought this too bold to bear translation; but mention it as illustrative of the spirit of Italian poetry, which prefers particularization to general terms in description and, as in the

present case, seeks to give some individuality of feature to the most imaginary portrait.

6.

*And between rose and lily, from her eyes
Tears fall so fast, she needs must swallow some.*

Stanza xciv. lines 5 and 6.

Le lagrime scendean tra gigli e rose
Là, dove avvien ch' alcuna se n' inghiozzi.

This is one of Ariosto's favourite touches, who, as I have before observed, loves so in his pictures of passion to introduce circumstances which would have been overlooked or rejected by most other painters.



00043549

V

